

The Listener

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H.R.H. Princess Margaret, who leaves for a tour of East Africa on September 21; a new photograph by Cecil Beaton

In this number:

China Revisited (Victor Purcell)

The Rape of Europa (Max Beloff)

Family Portraits: Out on a Limb (C. V. Wedgwood)



FOOD AND FAT

by PODALIRIUS

Glorying in the exuberance of his own obesity, G. K. Chesterton used to rejoice that, by standing up in a crowded bus, he could offer his seat to more than one lady. He was exceptional. By insurance companies obesity is frowned upon, and generally speaking it is not enjoyed by those who possess it.

It is not true, of course, that obesity always makes for unpopularity. Julius Caesar, for example (cut off in his prime, poor chap), liked to have fat men around him. Nevertheless, according to psychologists, some fat people—girls especially—compensate for their real or fancied inability to inspire affection by over-eating, thus creating just one more of those vicious spirals with which nowadays we are all and too painfully familiar.

"It can't be from what I eat, doctor," my sad fat ladies assure me, "my husband eats twice as much as I do, and look at him. Never varies a pound from year's end to year's end." Even so, madam, protest as you may and do, you can't get fat on air, so what you take in day by day must have something to do with it. According to one of my learned colleagues, "the basis of all obesity is probably appetite in excess of requirements"—too big an import programme, in fact.

"That's all right about my eating too much," you say, "but what about my husband, doctor? He eats at least twice—" Yes, I know, I know. It's all very difficult. Take pigs, for instance. You've heard of "good doers" and "bad doers," I daresay? Some pigs fatten too easily, others not at all. Well, when you come to human beings, it seems that there are three kinds, not two: the endomorphs, who are overweight and fat; the mesomorphs (Rugger forward types, overweight but not fat); and lastly the lucky ectomorphs, always stringy and starved-looking despite the wildest dietetic orgies.

It seems clear that those who wish to spend a long time on this planet had better avoid obesity if they can, because it conduces not only to hard arteries, high blood pressure, diabetes, and gall-stones (which are all quiet workers and don't show much in public), but also to flat feet (which do). If you really want that too, too solid flesh to melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew, drugs can help you a little—but not at all if you won't cut down the oats. *Il faut souffrir pour être svelte*, but if you aren't prepared to suffer—and why should you be?—don't blame the doctor for your Falstaffian figure. It may comfort you to reflect, dear endomorph, that you don't need a nimble body to have a nimble wit.

No, but a nimble body is quite a useful asset. Podalirius, and slimming has become a kind of national hobby. It is a harmless hobby if the diet is watched carefully to make sure that the essential food factors are included. Bemax, stabilized wheat germ, is of particular value to slimmers. It provides just those vitamins which enable the body to use adequately the foods supplied by the restricted diet, and it also gives much high-quality protein without using up too much of the calorie ration.

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reading

may make a full man, as Francis Bacon held, but who can compass the flood of books which riot from the presses of our age? To do so would distend the human mind past bearing! So it becomes a question of selection.

But what shall I read? Or shall I just go to the cinema? A fateful choice! Our ancestors were men of few books: some, men of one Book only. It has been said that "a man of one book is formidable, but if that book is the Bible he is irresistible."

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The Listener

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Colonel Nasser's 'Two Pillars of Hate'

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

PEOPLE have been saying that Colonel Nasser's action in taking over the Suez Canal is all of a piece with the calculated aggressions of Nazi Germany in the 'thirties. It is all that and a great deal more. Colonel Nasser wants power and glory, just as much as Hitler did. In his pamphlet on *The Philosophy of the Egyptian Revolution* he describes Egypt as the heart and core of a great Moslem Empire stretching all the way from south-east Asia to the western extremity of North Africa: and there is no doubt that he sees himself as a maker of history. Yet that in itself does not explain why he appears to have such a large following, and why other states in the Middle East that have the same restless urge to glory appear to support him. The fact that his power rests upon the careful exploitation of a series of revenges. Hitler was swept to power on a tidal wave of hatred for the Treaty of Versailles and for the Jews. Colonel Nasser uses the British and the State of Israel as the chief ingredients in his arsenal of hate. Even as a child, he says, he uttered curses against the British. That attitude of mind is easy enough to understand. For two or three generations, British power has been the most pervasive influence in Egyptian political and public life. Egyptian governments were made and unmade on the orders of the British High Commissioner. The Suez Canal—without which Egypt could have been just an ordinary country, important only to tourists and archaeologists—was under foreign ownership and control, owing to the spendthrift habits of an earlier ruler. Up to the thirty years ago there were British officials all over the country, in all sorts of positions. And Sir Ronald Storrs once suggested that if these officials, and above all their wives, had been

a little less indifferent to the people among whom they were living, and a little less condescending, the inevitable withdrawal of British power and influence would have taken place in happier and sweeter circumstances.

So Colonel Nasser finds it easy to conjure up the evil spirits of Anglophobia. All the dreadful poverty of the illiterate peasant and the despair it breeds can easily be laid at the door of the imperialists. This type of argument, as you would expect, has the full support of the Russian authorities. Only the other day I came across a Russian pamphlet which said that British rule in Egypt had brought innumerable calamities and sufferings upon the Egyptian people. This is one of the two pillars of hate upon which Colonel Nasser's power now rests.

The other is the State of Israel. On the surface, there is a sort of unity in the Middle East. Except in one respect it rests upon very ramshackle foundations. Its strength derives wholly from a common hatred for the State of Israel. If this object of hatred were removed, the spurious unity of the Arab world would vanish overnight.

Without any denial of the power of these two great hatreds it is clear that Colonel Nasser would not have dared to do what he has done if the Great Powers had presented a united front. Throughout the Middle East, unfortunately, the Powers have been at sixes and sevens, as far back in history as western influence goes. Above all there has been Anglo-French rivalry. One of the few satisfactory elements about this latest crisis is that the French and British Governments seem at last to have a common purpose. Russian influence is very recent in Egypt; and, as I have already said, the

Russians are doing what they can, without risk to themselves, to send up the temperature.

Then there is the United States. In the Middle East, as in Asia, they have been hacking away—an expression I have borrowed from Mr. George Kennan, who was once a high official in the State Department—at the foundations of British power. That is not because they are hostile to us: it is due to the anti-colonial trend

in American history—a trend that sees imperialism in every steamship, while camels and horses and trains are assumed to carry off innocent and well-meaning travellers.

So it would be possible to argue, although at the risk of considerable over-simplification, that Colonel Nasser's action of defiance is just the by-product of Great Power rivalry.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Grivas: 'Wanted' Man of Cyprus

By ROBERT STIMSON, B.B.C. special correspondent in Cyprus

THE walls of police stations and Government buildings in Cyprus display copies of a notice in three languages—English, Greek, and Turkish. The notice reads:

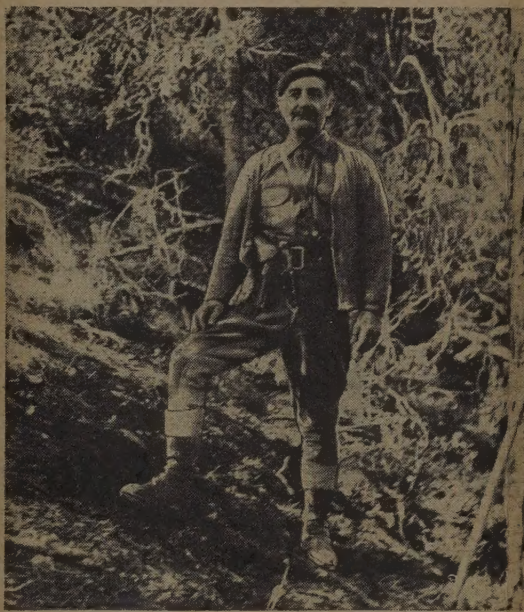
£10,000 will be paid to any member of the public who gives information leading to the arrest of George Theodoros Grivas, age about 58, height 5'6½", medium to broad build, strong, broad face, small Hitler-type moustache, large ears set low.

There are pictures of Grivas available. The clearest and perhaps the most recent was found in a terrorist encampment in the mountains last May. It shows him wearing a beret, a military shirt and cardigan, riding breeches, and boots that come to the calf; he is also wearing a belt with a pistol holster.

A good deal is known about Grivas. It has been pieced together from information gathered from several sources in Cyprus, Greece, and other countries. Grivas was born in the Famagusta district of Cyprus in the year 1898. While he was still in his teens he went to Greece and became a Greek National. He was commissioned in the Greek Army in the Artillery Corps, and by 1940, when Italy invaded Greece, he was Chief of Staff of the Second Athens Division. After Greece was invaded by German and Bulgarian forces and the Greek Army had collapsed on the Albanian front, Grivas left the field and returned to Athens. He never joined the resistance groups in the mountains.

During this period it is probable that he first met the Greek Orthodox priest Makarios, who was then deacon of a fashionable church in Athens. By the end of 1941 Grivas had organised the nucleus of an extreme right-wing underground movement that took for its name the Greek letter χ . This organisation included a number of university students and older schoolboys. At first the χ organisation confined itself to the writing of slogans and the production of a secretly distributed periodical. But in the years immediately after the war it acquired what a British officer who knows Greece well calls the sinister significance of a Ku Klux Klan. Its members took secret oaths and those offending against the organisation were threatened with death. Its professed aims were to fight communism and to promote the idea of a greater Greece. But its fascist methods earned it a bad name among the Greeks generally.

Perhaps because of his fascist views, Grivas was not decorated for his war-time activities, nor was he recalled to active service after



'General' Grivas: a photograph discovered by British security forces during operations against terrorists in Cyprus

the war. Those who have made a study of his career think that this may have embittered him and given him an unhealthy appetite for fame. If it were so it would help to explain why, as leader of the Eoka terrorist organisation in Cyprus, he kept a detailed diary, parts of which recently fell into the hands of the security forces. The keeping of such a diary might square with the character of a man who was anxious that posterity should acclaim him as a hero.

Why and how did Grivas come to Cyprus—or, rather, return to Cyprus? It is known that in 1949 when Archbishop Makarios, then the Bishop of Kitium, visited Athens to push forward the Enosis, or 'union with Greece' campaign, he was met by Grivas on behalf of the Greek Government. Ten years later Archbishop Makarios invited Grivas to Cyprus to build up a military church youth organisation which the Cyprus Government later refused to register as a club. British officials in Cyprus have told me that several leading

members of this youth organisation became members of Eoka.—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Speaking in 'At Home and Abroad' from Washington on American impressions of the Suez crisis, Ed MORGAN said: 'If this country has an overriding sentiment about the Suez crisis, surely it is a desire to cork the bottle of trouble with as little commotion as possible. You would be a mistake, I think, to conclude that Americans wish peace in the Middle East at any price. There is no audible demand from the substantial quarter for extreme measures against the recklessness of President Nasser but there is real uneasiness as to where that recklessness, if unchecked, may well lead.'

In a tough editorial *The New York Times* said: "It is important that we stand by the British and French, who are juridically and morally in the right in this conflict". *The Washington Post*, after denouncing what it called "Prime Minister Eden's bristling speech of Wednesday" and his exposition then of the users' association plan, today hailed willingness to go to the U.N. as "hauling us all back from the brink". "His tactical retreat", the *Post* says, "averts the immediate danger of war".

'Many Americans in general, the Jewish community in particular, wholeheartedly accept a blunt warning by Sir Anthony Eden in London that if Nasser gets away with the seizure of Suez, undoubtedly his next target would be Israel. But, rightly or wrongly, there is a certain feeling in the United States that the Conservative Government has been agile, less graceful, than it might have been in handling this tortuous Suez dispute'.

'Rock 'n' Roll' in the United States

By DOUGLAS WILLIS, B.B.C. Washington correspondent

THE Dixie Pig is a one-storey establishment, built on the lines of a prefabricated warehouse, and it stands in a parking lot and a litter of empty beer cans on the outskirts of Washington. Motorists passing by on the highway are in no doubt that it is there, as, apart from an illuminated pig on its roof, a loudspeaker carries its thunderous message for a hundred yards around. The Dixie Pig is one of the District of Columbia's two more notable 'Rock 'n' Roll' establishments, and here, wearing a look of enquiry but without benefit of earplugs, I found myself the other night. The purpose of my mission was to determine the effects of 'Rock 'n' Roll' on its devoted followers and, what was more, to try to determine its effect on the general public.

It is a style of music that for a time captivated adolescents because it was a change from jive, bebop, and boogie-woogie. It is hillbilly music with a downbeat. It came, as did jazz, from the South, where the Negro bands called it rhythm and blues and rarely play it now because it limits their free-swinging style. It made an unknown white hillbilly band—that of Bill Haley and his Comets—famous, but their popularity is beginning to wane now that a young man named Elvis Presley has appeared on the tortured scene. Ten million of his records are expected to be sold this year, even more than you might have guessed while trying to elude the sound of his voice. 'Rock 'n' Roll' is said to evoke a physical response from its listeners. Its beating pulse forces extraordinary gyrations from those who dance to it. Mr. Presley, when he sings in public, gives full vent to his feelings, and a policeman is said to have commented: 'If he did that in the street, I'd arrest him'.

Fascinated adolescents have become rowdy in half a dozen cities; one or two authorities have banned the music; people have been injured in brawls. But it must be pointed out that these disorders have been negligible in a country where dance music has infinite variations and where the vast majority of adolescents can take new fads like 'Rock 'n' Roll' in their stride.

At the Dixie Pig nothing much was happening. Friday night is the big night and this was not Friday. A few couples sat at tables and drank steady bottles of beer vibrating with the music of the band, a five-piece ensemble known as Bobbie Boyd's Jazz Bombers. Mr. Boyd stood at his piano—'Rock 'n' Roll' pianists never, never—his long arms dangling, beating the keys with sledge-hammer force in a simian and revengeful way. The trumpet player sucked and chewed his trumpet, the saxophone player perspired and wiped his hands while the saxophone dangled from a cord around his neck. A muscular guitarist plucked and thumped while the drummer kept up his unrelenting, regular downbeat syncopation. The five twitched, shook, wriggled, jumped, and bobbed up and

down like puppets on a string and occasionally got together in shuddering harmony to deliver lyrics in hillbilly idiom.

This was getting me no nearer to finding out what effect 'Rock 'n' Roll' has on American adolescents. I had seen what it had done to Mr. Boyd and his Jazz Bombers, but not what it was doing to the youth of Washington. Therefore another journey appeared to be necessary. So now, late at night, I drove to within five blocks of the Navy yard in Washington and there, at Guy's Dance Hall and Cafe, I found Pete Dennis and his four Dynatones, one of whom was suffering from a cold in the head and sneezed as he

called out at intervals the strange words: 'Loose as a goose; as crazy as a loon'. This appeared to be advice to the couples crowding a small dance floor—sturdy young men with crew-cut hair, and young and lissom women with tight velvet pants and pony-tail hair styles. The band paused only for twenty-minute breaks ordained by the local branch of the Musicians' Union; the rest of the time, without giving the dancers more than a minute's rest, the band started up with a noise like artillery gunfire and lightning effects like those raised by an old-time cinema pianist during the big storm scene.



A young couple dancing in the aisle of a south London cinema at a performance of the film 'Rock Around the Clock', in which Bill Haley and his Comets appear

There were shouts of 'Go, go'. The drummer beat out a pounding rhythm that excited the senses and sent the dancers into convulsions, so that a girl in horn-rimmed glasses held on to them with one hand while she clutched a Filipino gentleman in a red and white shirt round the neck, and was at times whirled completely over his shoulders, but still managed to hang on to her glasses.

All the dancers, notwithstanding their efforts, wore detached, dead-pan, far-away expressions as they shook, shimmied, and rocked and rolled. Yet when they left the floor, breathing heavily, their vivacity returned. Most sat with the same bottle of beer for the hour I was there. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves in a remarkably athletic way. There was no disturbance or hint of it. Some were married, some were not. If they were unduly excited they were not more so than the ultra-sophisticated night club correspondent of the *Washington Daily News* who had recommended me to visit the establishment. 'Each time I go', he said, 'I go home and vibrate for two hours'.

Sociologists, psychiatrists, leaders of the Church and of education have analysed and debated the effects of 'Rock 'n' Roll' on youngsters. Some feel that it is a symptom of a condition that might produce delinquency; others feel it has no more influence on morals or behaviour than the Charleston. A neighbour of mine, a pillar of the Defence Department, told me how his father had beaten him when he won five dollars in a Charleston contest. His daughter is now sixteen, is pretty, and presumably rocks and rolls. I could have left her at home to mind the baby.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

China Revisited

By VICTOR PURCELL

THE Bamboo Curtain is no longer the solid barrier it was a year or two ago, and foreign visitors are beginning to penetrate it and to bring back accounts of what they have seen. I, in my turn, have recently paid a short visit to China. It was in the course of a tour of the Far East during which I went to ten countries in all, and although on this occasion I was in China for only twenty-two days I was able to judge the present scene in the light of previous experience of the country on many visits between 1921 and 1947.

It was in December 1921 that I first arrived in Canton to study Chinese, and I stayed there for over two years. I lived first of all in the British Yamen in Flowery Pagoda Street; then on Shameen, the Anglo-French Concession; and finally in Tung Shan, an eastern suburb, where I had Michael Borodin as a neighbour.

At the moment of my arrival the process of driving new streets through the city had begun. Already these 'horse-roads', as they were called, had chopped up the city into blocks half a mile square, but inside these blocks the old narrow streets still survived like sections of an ants' nest which had been cut up by a spade. The several trades monopolised each a separate street or streets—the ivory-carvers and amber-workers the Tai San Kai, the furniture-makers Blackwood Street, the silk-merchants two wards of the western suburbs. With outstretched hands one could almost span one of these narrow thoroughfares. They were paved with stones which had been worn into hollows by centuries of passing feet. The shops were like caverns and the light was further diminished by hanging sign-boards. The smells were many and overpowering in a city threaded by tidal canals filled with black mud and with no main drainage, the sounds were mysterious, and the people were as exotic as shadows from an opium dream. All at once there would be a shout of 'Make way!' for the closed sedan of an official, with four to eight bearers depending on his rank; for coolies carrying pigs in baskets; or for a corpse in an enormous coffin shrieking rhythmically on its carrying-poles.

Baffling the Pursuing Devil

Building in the city was still directed by geomancers who might lay down, for example, that a courtyard should be the shape of the back legs of a dragon. Some streets had sudden bends—the main stem continuing to end in a *cul-de-sac*, so that a man pursued by a devil could turn suddenly to one side while the pursuing devil would rush straight on and stun itself against the wall. There was some fine architecture and craftsmanship, too, but backwardness and credulity existed side by side with tradition and charm.

China at this time was divided under rival 'war-lords' and was subjected to the will of foreign Powers. Foreign gunboats patrolled its rivers into the very heart of the country; the Imperial Maritime Customs, the Salt Gabelle, and the West River Conservancy were European-controlled; the Powers were sovereign in their Concessions and their nationals throughout China were subject only to their consular courts. Such were the humiliations which the 'Middle Kingdom' had to endure in the twenties of this century.

In Canton, Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Government was very insecure. The British Yamen was next to a military barracks, and a bullet passing through the window-sash of one of our rooms was a signal that a revolution had started and that Dr. Sun would now take refuge on a British gunboat; six months or so later another bullet striking the roof was the signal that the counter-revolution had started and that Dr. Sun would be restored to power. On one occasion, when he bombarded his own city from a Chinese gunboat, I happened to be in the line of fire and rapidly took to earth, but returned to watch the display when the danger had passed.

The desperate condition to which China had come was further brought home to me in October 1923 when I visited Peking. I was present at the declaration of the poll when Tsao Kun was elected President, having secured himself a majority at the cost of \$5,000 a vote. Yet his was the 'legal' Government of China recognised by the Powers!

In 1937 I flew to Changsha in Hunan to serve on a Committee of the Chinese Ministry of Education. The Government was then in flight before the Japanese who were invading China, and when my job was done I worked my way out of the country by way of Tongking. The following year I called at Shanghai on my way back from America and saw the mess the Japanese guns had made of the suburbs of the city. During the Pacific War Chiang Kai-shek did little fighting against the Japanese, but conserved his resources for the coming trial of strength with the communists. In April 1945, as a staff-officer attached to the south-east Asia command, I flew over 'the Hump' from India to Chungking on a military mission. In Chungking it was easy to see that the Kuomintang Government had started on its way down a slippery slope of inflation and corruption which was to bring it to a sticky end.

Inflation and Collapse

Finally, in May 1947, I flew across the Pacific to Shanghai as Consultant to the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East. My duties took me to Nanking where I met Chiang Kai-shek and his ministers. There were numerous indications that the Kuomintang was losing the civil war, but the most spectacular evidence of its ineffectiveness was the inflation which since my Chungking visit two years before had moved from a trot into a gallop. When I first stayed at the Cathay Hotel in Shanghai the cost of my room was \$120,000 a night; when I left in November it was \$800,000 a night. When two or three of us went out for a meal we took \$3,000,000 in suitcase. The city was crammed with starving refugees; the prisons were full of political prisoners, and it was clear that the regime could not endure much longer. It was less than two years later, in 1949, that it collapsed and the communists took over.

I now come to this year's visit, my first return since then. I was more anxious to visit China this time as a private person at my own expense and not under the sponsorship of any government or association. The reason was that I wished to feel free to say when I got back exactly what I had seen. The People's Government acceded to my wishes and I was informed that I should be welcome if I visited their country.

The train by which I left Hong Kong was crowded with Chinese returning to China to visit the graves of their ancestors, for this was the festival of All Souls. They had no passports but merely their Hong Kong identity-cards as travel-documents. The Bamboo Curtain, however, appeared, was pierced by sizeable gaps. I also noticed Chinese rolling stock on the Hong Kong side of the border. When I passed through a gap in the barbed-wire fence which marked the frontier between the two territories I felt a strange excitement, as if I had been Alice passing through the looking-glass. When I looked back towards Hong Kong there was no detectable change in the landscape but I almost expected to see the White King and Queen sitting on the edge of the platform and the characters for Sam Chun, the name of the station, written the wrong way round. Such is the power of propaganda!

The whistle blew, the train drew out of the station, and as it did the loudspeakers throughout the carriages burst into terrific action, massed bands blaring out marches by Sousa, followed by 'Onward Christian Soldiers', and ending with the opening chorus of 'Parsifal'. All of this with the characteristic distortions of the microphone. There was the 'pep' music I had heard of, the tramp of the triumphal People with a big 'P'. Then the voice of a woman announcer came out the news in high-pitched tones and as she finished the hidden orchestra switched on again with the latest hits from Peking Opera. There was no pause in the entertainment for the four and a half hours of journey. The important point was that the language used was Mandarin—not a word of Cantonese. By such mass media was Mandarin, already used in schools for many years, being made the universal language of China. In twenty years it is proposed to do away with the characters and substitute a Roman alphabet.

The carriages were old but, in the light of past experience, miraculously clean. Every half-hour or so an attendant came along with

cket of water and a cloth to wipe the dust off the
odwork. I had known this railway in the old days
men Europeans had special carriages reserved for them
cause of the Chinese habits of hawking and spitting.
owadays no one spat in the trains and I can substan-
te at least one legend, namely that there are 'no flies
China'.

The China Travel Service had efficient guides, but at
time did I feel that I was being 'conducted' or
oon-fed. On arrival in Canton I went for a walk on
y own to revisit my old haunts. I made a bee-line for
ameen, the one-time Anglo-French Concession. Now,
1956, it was completely transformed. No longer a
mbol of the 'unequal treaties', it has been reabsorbed
o China and proletarianised into the bargain. The
m lawns and tennis courts of the central avenue had
appeared and the bare earth was trodden hard by
numerable feet. In place of the foreign firms and
nks were the offices of trade unions and co-operatives.
ameen, however, was clearly a happy place for those
no had taken over. Children in scores were playing in
e open spaces which had once been so quiet and
cluded, and workmen were enjoying their leisure on
e esplanades. But an old 'China hand' like myself
uld not help feeling a trifle melancholy at the passing
an era.

The city of Canton itself was almost unrecognisable.
had last visited it in 1937. The streets were now
ide, and it was not until I returned from the north
at I was able to find a cluster of the old narrow ones
dden away in the western suburbs. The city was now
ll of wide streets, substantial buildings, parks, and open spaces which
nd not existed in my time, though many, I believe, date from K.M.T.
ays.

In Canton I visited an agricultural exhibition. They were showing
oughs and other agricultural implements made in China, and in the
port section sewing-machines and bicycles. I was struck by the
mistication of the exhibits and stalls—so much in advance of what
had expected in such a small space of years. There is still much that
rustic and amateur in Chinese undertakings, but the astonishing thing
that from a standing start they have got as far as they have.

My railway journey to Peking took three days and nights. In my
leeping compartment I had a lady above me, for in China the sexes
e not segregated. The emancipation of women, of which this is one
gn, is perhaps the main reason for the success of the Communist
evolution. Crossing the Yangtse in the dark I saw the lights where
ork on the new railway bridge, the first in history, was going on.
is expected to be completed in 1957. In Hankow I was shown the
w anti-flood works which had saved the city from being inundated
uring the record floods of 1954.



Busy scene on the Pearl River, Canton

In the thirty-three years which had intervened since I was last in
Peking I had, by repeated telling, built up such a legend of Peking's
beauty that I feared that I might be caught in the snare of my own
imagination—and for a moment I was, when I saw the communist
slogans posted up on the ancient buildings of the Forbidden City. But
these soon faded into place and Peking reasserted its old magic. The
Forbidden City and the Temple of Heaven were in much better condi-
tion than they were when I saw them in 1923.

In Peking I visited the embassies and legations, art exhibitions, a
fashion exhibition, the markets, the Peking opera, and an acrobatic per-
formance. I also went to Peking University and the National Minorities
University and saw the enormous amount of building which was going
on, mainly outside the western walls, in this city whose population had
multiplied by three since 1949. One night I was entertained to dinner
by a group of historians and the conversation reminded me very much
of High Table at Cambridge. Nothing very original was said but there
was a civilised relaxation and some good-humoured badinage, and every-
one seemed at ease even when I broached the tricky subject of rewriting
Chinese history in the terms of dialectical materialism.

From Peking I went on to Manchuria,
where I visited a machine-tool factory, a
polytechnical college, a medical university,
and a big opencast coal mine at Fushun. I
returned to Peking, then flew to Canton
and went on to Hong Kong by train.

What are my impressions and conclu-
sions? Let me try to give them as answers
to the questions I have been asked since
I left China.

How are the people faring? I did not go
to the agricultural areas on this visit and
can only speak of the towns. There was an
atmosphere of enthusiasm wherever I
went, for the people do seem to believe
that for the first time in history they have
their destiny in their own hands. In Peking
30,000 volunteers were giving up their
Sundays to work on a new canal to aug-
ment the city's water supply, and they
were laughing and joking as they worked
on this public undertaking. I saw none of
the sullenness and lassitude one would
expect in a 'slave state'. The currency is

(continued on page 428)



Modern buildings in Peking

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Close Reading

WE are publishing today the first of two talks by Mr. John Holloway, the poet and critic, on what he calls the new 'establishment' in literary criticism. Those of our readers who do not move in the higher aesthetic walks may find them a little difficult—to adapt a phrase of Mr. Holloway's own, they require close reading—and it may be helpful to try to place them in perspective. In many university subjects there comes a change of emphasis or approach within two generations. The revolutionaries of one generation have their disciples and pupils, the ablest of whom in turn become teachers: when they reach middle age and respectability they too have trained brilliant pupils. Thus the subversive doctrines of one age become established gospel thirty or forty years on. In modern history, for example, Sir Lewis Namier lit a torch thirty years ago; gradually historical writing succumbed to the persuasive attractions of 'Namierisation'; and now many of the leading teachers in our universities, on whose words students hang, are disciples of Sir Lewis. Similarly in the realm of economics: thirty years ago John Maynard Keynes was not a little suspect in academic circles: his theories were considered daring but perhaps rather unsound. But his pupils attacked and captured nearly all the academic citadels; today they are in positions of influence and authority.

Yet a third subject, where this trend is exemplified, is philosophy. Here the major prophet was Wittgenstein. He was a great revolutionary. What would Joseph or Joachim have thought, one wonders, if they had lived to see Oxford almost entirely captured by the logical positivists? But that is what has happened. Whom may we equate with Namier, Keynes, and Wittgenstein in the world of literary criticism? Professor I. A. Richards, perhaps, although Dr. Eliot and Dr. Leavis may both claim to have been seen leading the charge upon the barricades. Thus in the nineteen-fifties the academic conservatives stand where the revolutionaries of the 'twenties stood. They occupy the seats of the mighty. Bloomsbury might be described as their Mecca or King's College, Cambridge, their Canterbury Cathedral. Thus the world moves on—or, at least, moves around.

Can one detect anything in common between these modern 'establishments' in literature, history, economics, and philosophy? Perhaps it is not unfair to say that 'we are all scientists now'. Thirty years ago many people could be found who were prepared to argue that economics and history were arts and not sciences. Only 'reactionaries' will do that at present. It was still thought possible in earlier times to write upon all these subjects with a broad sweep, as, for example, in Dr. Fisher's *History of Europe* or Marshall's *Principles of Political Economy*. That is hardly the mode today. Except among a few amateurs, who are usually anathematised by the establishments, specialisation is the order of the day. Poems, parliaments, and exchange rates are all alike subjected to close analysis and interpretation: metaphysics are dead, and men are no longer considered individuals but the victims of their class and environment. Nevertheless the revolutionaries of the next generation are waiting round the corner.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the canal users' association

DURING THE PAST WEEK, Soviet commentators have continued to advertise and support the Egyptian point of view about the Suez dispute, stressing the need for a peaceful settlement through negotiation, condemning western 'colonialism' and drawing attention to the alleged world-wide sympathy extended to Egypt by 'progressive forces'. Commenting on the breakdown of the Five-Power Committee talks at Cairo, Radio Moscow explained their failure in these words:

On the eve of the Cairo talks and while they were in progress Britain and France began concentrating armed strength in the eastern Mediterranean; this could only be regarded as an attempt to intimidate to browbeat, Egypt and make that country accept the demands of the Western Powers. This type of negotiating has come to be called 'negotiating from positions of strength'. Such talks . . . were bound to fail because the people reject this policy of strength, and Egypt rejected it too.

Discussing the reactions of the Western Powers to this failure and the ensuing conversations between France and Britain, another Moscow commentator declared that:

London must be aware that world public opinion is resolutely opposed to the Anglo-French military preparations in the eastern Mediterranean. Even the allies of Britain and France show no readiness to support their present irreconcilable attitude.

A speaker on the Cairo home service declared that:

Eden today is more like a mouse in a trap. He is presenting himself to the House of Commons after losing his cards one by one. Threats to use force have become a policy hated by the British people and the economic blockade has not weakened Egypt's resistance, but increased it. World public opinion has abandoned him. As regards the United Nations, there are more states supporting Egypt than supporting Britain and France. He has only the Security Council, and he will face the Russian veto.

Another Egyptian speaker commented ironically:

It only remains for Eden to declare that for purely personal reasons unconnected with the Canal problem, he wants war and an attack on Egypt to establish a new pro-British Government. It only remains for Eden to announce frankly that Arab nationalism is a matter which the British Empire cannot tolerate and that the Arabs should return to the sphere of the Empire. It only remains for M. Mollet to declare that France will be unable to live in Algeria before the elimination of Arab nationalism and an attack on Egypt.

On the question of the new plan proposed by the Western Powers the canal users' association, comment from the communist world has invariably been hostile. A broadcast on Moscow radio said that the new plan would reduce Egypt to her former dependent position. Peking radio condemned the association as being merely an attempt to halt the original Dulles plan accepted at the point of a pistol. In India, the *Hindustan Times* is quoted as saying:

A heavy responsibility rests on the United States to check Britain, poised on the brink of war. If Britain's military preparations hitherto have been looked upon as bluff and bluster, the canal users' association with which Sir Anthony Eden has decided to confront Egypt would make an open conflict inevitable and immediate. It is difficult to show the restraining words of President Eisenhower square up with America's endorsement of the canal users' association.

Most of the French newspapers support the new plan, the *Socialist* and *Populaire* stating that it has the triple merit of being almost immediately effective and of falling within the framework of the United Nations Charter and of restricting itself to the technical problem. An Australian viewpoint is also expressed by the *Melbourne Herald*:

The fact that America has subscribed to the plan apparently means that the Americans are satisfied that there is a good prospect of the new plan being put into operation without resort to force. The new plan shifts the responsibility of any use of force to President Nasser.

Referring to the departure of the non-Egyptian canal pilots, Belgian home service suggested that the Western Powers intended to

invoke a forgotten and never-used provision of the 1888 Convention under which the user countries may put through a revision of the canal's functioning if at least three signatory countries demand. Any threat to the security of the canal or freedom of navigation through it would certainly provide a formal basis for this; and there is no doubt that a possible standstill following the withdrawal of the British and French pilots will be interpreted in this sense.

Did You Hear That?

ELECTRICAL ENTENTE

THE SUBMARINE CABLE that is to carry electricity both ways across the Straits of Dover should be ready for use by 1960—a development of considerable importance to consumers. JOHN SYKES spoke about it in 'At Home and Road'.

Nearly all the problems of supplying electrical energy relate in some way to the difficulty—in fact, the virtual impossibility—of storing the product, he said. 'This means that the peak demand has to be met at the instant it occurs. A great deal of highly expensive electrical generating plant has to be provided, in every country, just to meet the few hours, or even minutes, of peak demand each day. But if the peak demand occurs at different times in two different areas, and these areas are connected by a cable, then the same peak-load plant can be used twice in one day—first to meet its own peak, and then, at some other time in the day, the peak arising in the second area, by feeding current through the cable.

This "peak-exchanging" principle is the reason why a power cable across the Channel can benefit the electricity supply systems in both Great Britain and France, without making either dependent on the other.

Anyone who has crossed the Channel soon realises that there are differences between the French and ourselves in the timing of our daily routine. In winter, for example, the French still keep to one hour's daylight saving, whereas we revert to Greenwich mean time; so even Madame Dupont in Lyons were to call for just the same demand for electricity for mid-day cooking as Mrs. Smith in Manchester she would still need it one hour earlier. In France, the winter peak load occurs at seven-thirty in the morning, Greenwich mean time, while our winter peak (with darkness falling in our more northern latitudes before the stories, with their huge demand, have closed) comes at five o'clock in the afternoon. In summer, both British and French peaks occur in the morning, but French consumers call for their maximum electrical demand earlier than ours. So there is a considerable diversity of electrical demand between the two countries.

When the new cable across the Straits of Dover is in commission in 1960, it will enable up to 150,000 kilowatts of power to be transferred, one way or the other, as required, to help even-out the peaks whenever they occur. The cable, costing about £10,000,000, will save the capital cost of a peak-load plant in both countries. Two power stations, one in France and one in England, of 100,000 kilowatts capacity—enough to supply a large industrial city each—could cost a total of about £18,000,000, and so the saving is obvious.

Apart from the daily exchange of peak power, there is a more long-term saving also to be achieved. The French derive about half their electric power from falling water, in the Alps, the Massif Centrale, and the Pyrenees. Sometimes there is more water than the power stations can absorb, and it has to be spilled to waste; at other times, droughts make water-power generation difficult. We in Great Britain can, in effect, be able to absorb the excess French water power, thus saving coal; and then we can return this power when it is needed, perhaps months later, with a consequent in-



The Palais Wilson, Geneva, the headquarters of the League of Nations from 1920 to 1936

crease is efficiency on our side, since our peak-load plant can be usefully employed for longer periods on this duty.

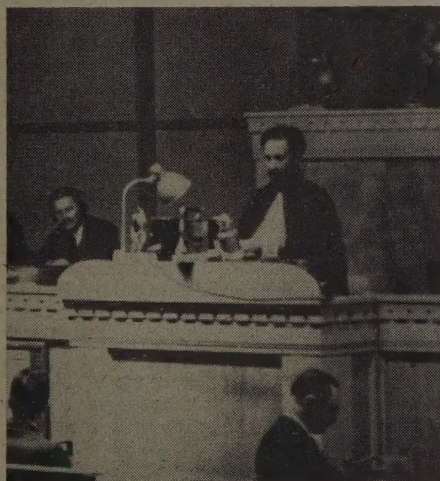
'The cross-Channel cable will take the form of a single cable operating on direct current at 200,000 volts. By using D.C., it is possible to have one concentric cable instead of the three separate ones which would have been needed for A.C. More important still, it enables the power flow between these two great electrical networks to be controlled much more easily than would be the case with alternating current'.

FAREWELL TO THE PALAIS WILSON

Many people in Geneva are sorry that a famous building there, the original home of the League of Nations, has been earmarked for demolition. The Palais Wilson, as it is called after the American President who worked so hard to found the League, is to be pulled down, so as to make way for a new Congress Hall. This will be big enough to house some of the international organisations which in the last decade have established themselves in Geneva. PAUL CREMONA, who knew the Palais Wilson in its heyday, spoke about it in 'The Eyewitness'.

'For nearly twenty years', he said, 'the Palais Wilson was the international centre of the world, and because of it Geneva earned the title of the City of Nations. There gathered all the world's leading statesmen; most of them are dead now. I was privileged to attend some of the most momentous meetings of the League, and I vividly remember Lord Cecil, Sir Anthony Eden, Arthur Henderson, Briand, Stresemann, and Benes. They all left their mark at the Palais Wilson, firmly believed in the League, and strove hard, although with little success, to use it as the best instrument for the preservation of peace. I was present when the first blow was struck at the League. It was on February 24, 1933, a miserable day with the *bise*, the bitter cold wind from the north, blowing fiercely. On that day, after the League had found that Japan was the aggressor in the war against China, the Japanese delegate walked out of the Council chamber, never to return.

'I equally remember when, only eight months later, Germany followed suit and withdrew from the League at the Disarmament Conference, a clear sign that Hitler was already



Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia addressing the League in June, 1936

on the warpath. It was at the Palais Wilson that Haile Selassie, the exiled Emperor of Ethiopia, appeared to defend in person the right of his country to self-existence. Perhaps the most outstanding figure that emerged from the Palais Wilson was Anthony Eden, or Captain Eden as he was then known in League circles. He played the leading role with dignity, conviction, and firmness, and although circumstances prevented him from carrying his task to completion, subsequent events fully justified the wisdom of his policy.

TEACHING IN A FRENCH SCHOOL

Broadcasting about his experiences in teaching in a French school at Caen, ERIC DEHN said in a West of England Home Service talk: 'The school, a *lycée* roughly the equivalent of a British grammar school, was founded in 1804 by Napoleon, and traces of his militarism still survive in the *régime*, though there is nothing as drastic as the imprisonment which in those days was the penalty meted out to wayward pupils. All the same I think an English pupil would be a little appalled at his fate today were he to receive a third *avertissement*.

For the first two crimes a warning card was sent to the offender's parents and no further action was taken, other than that deemed fitting by Papa. (French papas incidentally seemed more fearful and awe-inspiring characters than over-here.) The third *avertissement* entailed the miscreant staying at school from dawn till darkness on Sunday. The same fate befell him should he receive a fourth; suspension from school for eight days for the fifth; permanent expulsion on receipt of the sixth.

Nevertheless the French boys were under the impression that we in England were far more ruthless in our punishments, many believing that school life over here alternated between mysterious games of cricket and unmerciful floggings on the pattern of Tom

Brown's Schooldays. Corporal punishment is forbidden in France. The pupils, with whom I discussed it, showed more concern about the possible hurt to their pride and dignity than to their anatomy. All were convinced it was a barbaric relic of the middle ages.

'I tended to shrink from inflicting the dread *avertissement* as a punishment. On one occasion, I remember, a fifteen-year-old, not very bright at English, read out some written homework without a fault of any kind. Slightly suspicious I asked the boy sitting next to him to read his version, but he was unable to do so having temporarily loaned it to his less talented neighbour. I asked for letters of apology in English and have treasured the reply which began: "Dear Sir Dehn, I am sorry not have done that you had me in the nick of time . . .".

'Another military feature was the marching of the pupils to their classrooms. The teacher met his class, ranged in silent and impeccable ranks, at a position of assembly: "*Avancez*", he would declaim, taking care not to get caught thereafter in conversation with a colleague, while his glass disappeared obediently over the horizon. He himself would enter the classroom first, summon the pupils, and permit them to sit after they had stood silently in their places.

'The French teachers maintain a greater degree of seriousness and formality. Perhaps they are fearful of being eaten alive if once they relinquish their grip on "*les petits sauvages*". Laughter and self-respect do not, they say, go hand in hand. Any display of familiarity or fraternisation would certainly be regarded by both fellow-teachers and pupils as a sign of fear. Only the visiting American "assistant" struck

a discordant note. Not only did he address all his pupils by their first names but even the all-powerful censor whose rumoured approval spread alarm and despondency was greeted with a playful dig in the ribs instead of a formal French hand-shake.

'I think the French pupils miss some sort of informality. This extra from my only fan-mail since returning, though neither complimentary to the standard of language I taught nor to my methods of teaching supports this: "Dear Sir, I write to you because since your settling out you miss from day to day. Now our classroom resemble at one can of which bird was go out. There is nobody who can do the clown". Our English book is finish. I give to you the photo of my dog."

LOVE AMONG THE RUSSIANS

Moscow radio has been devoting an increasing amount of time recently to an 'Answers to Correspondents Feature'. 'The Soviet View', in the Third Programme, described a broadcast of this kind when the writer, Mr. Konstantin Lapin, answered questions on love. "The questions our young people are raising today", he said,

"are not on the whole new; they have filled the thoughts of the rising generation in all ages. We have only to think of Turgenev's heroines; of them were trying to find an answer to the question of how to spend their time out of their time ought to live. That is why should like in the first place to say to my young friends: 'In moments of doubt take down a good book and read again what our best writers and poets have written about love; in their works you will find the answers to many of our questions for your questions are eternal as love itself'.

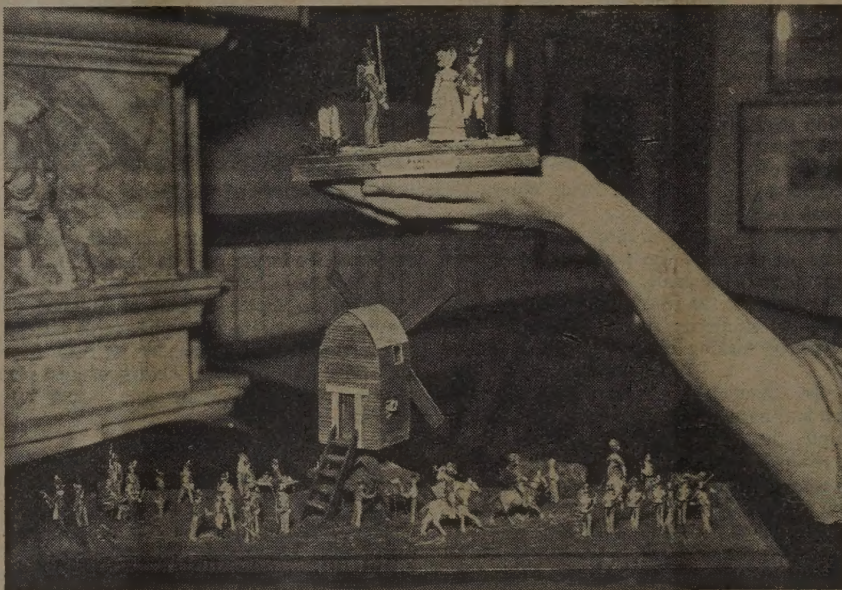
'Mr. Lapin then told his young listeners about an incident that one of his admirers from Orsk had described to him in a letter. A young girl met an officer who was spending his leave in her town. He fell in love with her,

proposed to her, and was accepted. He was going to marry her next on leave. While he was away with his unit the girl tried to save a child from ice drifting in the river, caught pneumonia, and her fiancé became paralysed. Her fiancé heard of it and was not going to saddle with a cripple. He could not summon up enough courage to write to her, and he asked a fellow officer to do it for him. This officer was furious at his comrade's behaviour.

'He first wrote to the girl and then went to see her. They fell in love with each other. He took her to his relatives in the Caucasus, where sun and the care of those who loved her restored her to health. Lapin concluded his story with these words: "Now they are married and have gone to the Siberian East. They have a son and are very, very happy".

'Mr. Lapin then drew the following moral: "Amorousness, which is quite natural in young people, can later develop into true love; you must check up on your feelings to see whether they are true or passing ones. How can one tell if one has chosen one's bride or husband rightly? 'Do not choose a horse on a rainy day or a girl on a holiday goes an eastern saying. Life is not just a holiday. A relationship will be more lasting if a young couple taking such a decisive step as marriage to know each other properly first'."

We regret that in the extracts from Professor G. P. Wells' talk reproduced on page 374 last week, some sentences were transposed out of their correct order.



At 'The British Soldier' exhibition, now at the National Book League's headquarters in London: a model representing an incident in the Napoleonic wars and, above it, figures (made in Paris in 1815) of a sentry presenting arms and a French colonel and his lady. An extract from Sir Gerald Templer's speech when he opened the exhibition was broadcast in 'Radio Newsreel'

The Rape of Europa

MAX BELOFF on a search for the foundations of European unity

THE Council of Europe seems to have decided some time ago that if Europe were to be united Europeans would have to be made more conscious of what they have in common. In other words it came to the conclusion that the unity of Europe was not only a cultural and historical though not yet a political fact: and what was chiefly needed was to bring this home to people in some systematic way. So it assembled a number of eminent men at Rome to discuss the whole subject. Robert Schuman, Alcide de Gasperi, Arnold Toynbee, and others pursued this elusive topic through several sessions. Although many affirmations about Europe were made, no one read the record of these discussions could possibly come to any conclusion that there was something called the European tradition which the makers all held in high esteem but which they were unable to define.

Meeting at Strasbourg

It was decided to have a second attempt; and last spring there assembled at Strasbourg another group of people. They came as experts in different fields from almost all the member-nations of the Council, and had as their chairman the Swiss writer Denis de Rougemont, who has been a leading propagandist of the European idea for a number of years. I was asked to be *rapporteur-général* of this group: and it was understood that this time our business, like that of any study-group, was to compose a report. That report was to take the form of a book to be published in as many as possible of the languages of the member-states of the Council. The problem is to find common ground upon which further discussion can take place without needlessly going over fundamentals.

This assignment was obviously an interesting one. On the other hand it has had its awkward side. This is because it is widely felt among enthusiasts for the European idea that the chief cause of their failures up to now has been that Britain always holds back. Some go further, and say that Britain first took the lead in Sir Winston Churchill's war speeches and then let her friends down by not following them.

So that, even in an entirely non-political context like this one, I was bound to be a good deal of suspicion of a British participant, particularly if he were going to be in the advantageous position of defining finally what went into the book.

I am afraid that these suspicions turned out to be justified in a way. Discussions were often stormy, and often it was because of a division of opinion in which the British and Scandinavian members of the group found themselves rather strongly opposed to some of the views put forward by its continental members. And although one can conceive of a political-economic union of some European countries with Britain—like that of the six countries of the Coal and Steel Community—one cannot very well argue that Britain and the Scandinavian countries are any less members of the European family, culturally speaking, than say, France, or western Germany, or Holland. In other words, the European idea can be made acceptable to more than the six countries of what is now known as 'Little' or 'Nuclear' Europe, the thing may in the end simply impose a new division on an already divided continent: for even within 'Little Europe' there are many people, particularly Protestants, anti-clericals, and socialists, who would not like to be left alone in a union which they suspect would be essentially Catholic in its inspiration and rather right-wing in its social outlook. They want to be preserved from the ghost of Charlemagne.

The first thing that has to be decided, then, about this idea of a European community is: who is in and who is out? And what I call the rape of Europa is the attempt to capture the idea for one or other particular interest. For the historian it is obvious enough that at one time or another all the countries that form part of the geographer's Europe have played an important part in what we call European civilisation. Barraclough and Halecki—to look no further—have made it clear how difficult it is to align the geographer's concept with the historian's. Spain, to take the obvious example, was for much of the Middle Ages part of the Islamic world: and although there were considerable cultural contacts with that world because of this very fact—it was a world from which medieval Europeans had a great deal

to learn—Spain in that period was hardly itself a part of Europe in the full sense.

In the same way, although the early Russia of the Kievan period was certainly part of Europe, the Tartar conquests effectively isolated Russia from the West for several centuries; and it was not really until the time of Peter the Great that Russia began that movement towards Europe which has been the burden of all her history since then. But some people who think that the practical purpose of European integration is defence against communism want to write Russia off altogether, and argue that it is not and never has been—cannot be—a European country. Though if one accepts the view that all communist countries are out now, one has to carry exclusion very far; it is difficult to believe that Prague or Dresden is not a European city.

Toynbee and his followers arrive at the same point by a rather different route. They confine the notion of Europe rather rigidly to those countries which received their Christianity from Rome, thus excluding from European history both Byzantium and Russia. This is a little odd when we remember that the name Europe was first applied to the mainland of Greece: poor Europa! It is also totally misleading because it makes it impossible to grasp the realities of Europe either in the Middle Ages or in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And for the twentieth century, communism is left out along with Russia. As I learnt at Strasbourg, it appears possible even now for a group of European intellectuals to assemble for a week and discuss what they conceive to be the whole range of contemporary political and cultural issues and to be unaware of the real beliefs to which vast numbers of their own fellow-citizens adhere—not to speak of the Soviet world.

So one's first difficulty lies in dealing with the fact that what some people mean by seeing Europe as a unity is the opposite. It is giving permanence, and as it were respectability, to a division in Europe which we must all hope is temporary; and we know from recent events that many of those behind the Iron Curtain have the same hope. We are certainly limited in many practical aspects of inter-European co-operation by the unwillingness or inability of some members to play their part. Spain is another instance. But we should not let these difficulties affect our historical vision.

Attitude to America

This question of the membership of the European family was not the only problem of this kind we met with at Strasbourg. There is another side to this matter of definition, which for a British participant is even more bewildering. It is obvious when one comes to talk about European unity with some of its advocates that, next only to anti-communist and hence anti-Russian sentiments, they harbour a real conviction that there is another enemy: the United States of America. Obviously, they do not mean this in a political sense. If they regard communism as a menace, they cannot well argue against accepting American aid to meet it. But they certainly feel that, for this political advantage, Europe is paying a high price in what they call Americanisation: and that is ironical, too, because it is a staple argument of the communists themselves.

I think that most British people and Scandinavians, and a good many other Europeans as well, find this hostility to American culture enormously hard to understand. We may have our disagreements with the Americans on many cultural issues—we may, for instance, disapprove of much that they do in the field of education, or of the importance they seem to attach to social conformity as a social virtue—but we feel that these are matters which we ourselves have to confront at home, which are really part of something we both have to learn to live with: modern industrial society. As an angry economist colleague of mine blurted out at one of the meetings, at one example of such intellectual arrogance, if Europeans have fewer washing-machines or television sets it is not because their women prefer the sink or because their families have higher cultural ambitions, but simply because by and large Europeans are poorer than Americans. There may well be things

in Europe that are worth preserving or building upon, and it may well be true that the much longer history of close-settlement and civilisation on this continent is a genuine case of differences in outlook. But it is impossible for anyone in Britain to look at its history and eliminate from it its entire connection with what is now the United States. And the same is true of our relations with the rest of the English-speaking world.

People are wrong if they think that Britain is alone in thus being pulled on the one hand by her links with Europe and on the other by these ties with distant continents. One of the principal features of European history is that Europe has never been a world enclosed upon itself. Just as it received its original civilisation from the Mediterranean world of antiquity, so it has always looked beyond the boundaries of the geographer's Europe for new sources of wealth and for new ideas and inspirations. It has been an open and not a hermit civilisation; indeed, that was one of the few points on which we reached unanimity at Strasbourg. The point, rather, is that different countries have played entirely different roles in this expansion: and that, while they still look outwards, they do so in different directions: the British in India; the Dutch in the Far East; the French in Canada and North Africa; the Spaniards in South America, the Russians in Central Asia—the list could be continued. All this must surely affect how these peoples behave as Europeans, and an interpretation of European civilisation that is not to do violence to the truth must take these external factors into account.

Even when this argument has been threshed out, it is by no means the end. There is, for instance, another one, equally fundamental, which I can only touch on. Many of the advocates of the European idea honestly believe that the real impediment to the unity they seek is the

nation, which they regard as something entirely negative. This is a view which the historian of European culture finds it hard to accept. Much of the enrichment of European culture since the Renaissance has been owing precisely to the development of clearly identifiable national groups. It is the nation that has provided the framework, and national language that has provided the medium, for the great achievements in law and in the sciences and in literature. Even Marcel Gabriel Marcel reminded us at Strasbourg that there is an international music as there is an international cuisine—but we prefer the national. Or would you have Bartók's mathematics without his folk-theme? Or would you have a people who look at things this way, the nations did not so destroy some pre-existing medieval unity as enable men to break from the narrowness of parochialism and regionalism, which were real lot in earlier times.

I do not think this means that we have to accept the nation as the last word in political organisation, and I certainly do not wish to imply that the interaction of the nations upon each other has been one of the most fruitful aspects of Europe's cultural history. Indeed, that history can be looked at as that of a family of peoples, and probably ought to be. But that does not mean that we should our appreciation of a fact degenerate into some kind of narrow idealism which would proscribe large parts of Europe's actual experience.

In this situation, the most the *rapporteur* can hope to do is to represent what he believes to be the true arguments involved. It would be absurd to pretend that an intellectual synthesis, a distilled essence of Europe, exists or ought to exist. But we might be able to get rid of some of the misunderstandings and recriminations of the last few years; though even that is probably much too ambitious.

—Third Program

Family Portraits—VI

Out on a Limb

By C. V. WEDGWOOD

I WAS born in Northumberland within sight of Hadrian's Wall, where the winds sweep over the brown and purple moors, and the people speak English more beautifully than anywhere else in the British Isles. On the strength of this, and because I am a romantic, I would like to call myself a Borderer, and to claim—which is true enough—that 'I never heard the old story of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet'.

Historical truth, which I have pursued for most of my adult life, forbids this nonsense. My parents happened to be living in Northumberland at the time of my birth because my father was then working at Newcastle upon Tyne. I have no roots in that far country, no ties of kindred with the border rieviers whose names are poetry, with Kinmont Willie or Johnnie Armstrong, or those that fought against them. My hard-working, God-fearing, law-abiding forbears were dug out of Staffordshire clay, and if anything moves my heart more than a trumpet it ought to be the resounding name of Stoke-on-Trent.

Josiah Wedgwood, my great-great-grandfather, was buried in Stoke parish church in January 1795, and his monument records that he 'converted a rude and inconsiderable Manufactory into an elegant Art and an important part of the National Commerce'. He put Staffordshire pottery on the international map. Since that inscription was composed 150 years ago, we have learnt to speak more respectfully of that 'rude and inconsiderable manufactory' and to look upon old Staffordshire ware with more appreciative eyes. We admit that there was loss as well as gain in that revolutionary change of manner and methods which carried Staffordshire pottery, and more especially Wedgwood, into the drawing-rooms of two hemispheres, so that it was found alike on the table of the Empress Catherine of Russia and of Thomas Jefferson, President of the young United States.

Josiah was the youngest of thirteen children. He left school at nine when his father died, and began life as a working potter. When he was eleven he had an attack of smallpox which weakened his right leg so badly that he found it difficult to work the potter's wheel. (Later in life he had the tiresome limb amputated.) Because he could not work well at the wheel, he turned his energy and inventive powers to other branches of the potter's art, to modelling and design and to experiments

in new types of body and new glazes. In all this he was discouraged by his more conservative elder brother, to whom he was apprenticed—that his early years were full of struggle and opposition. Simply his life story is almost the traditional exemplary success story: the young man with ideas who perseveres until he succeeds, who is (very happily) the faithful sweetheart who had patiently believed in him—his cousin Sarah. Josiah then made good in a big way, and his life rich, successful, and respected, working and experimenting to the last, surrounded by a devoted family and a wide circle of friends. But I do not mean to re-tell his life story here: it is part of the economic history of England. Besides, descendants rarely have an intimate view of their ancestors.

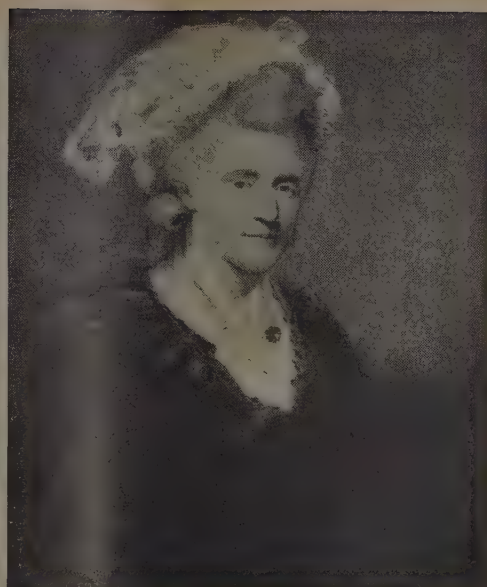
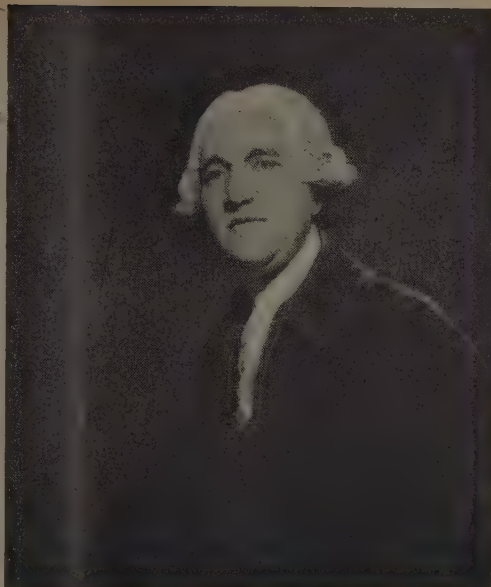
For instance, I find it hard to apply the word 'ancestor' to Josiah at all. An ancestor, to me, is a very dead, very forbidding character looking sternly down from a gilt frame through a fog of grimy varnish. But Josiah is not at all like that. I find it hard to remember that he died 115 years before I was born, because he is still, for his time, a lively presence. This may have something to do with the character of an industrial family, a family engaged in making rather than in maintaining something, and in which solidarity and continuity are more important than inheritance.

Josiah Wedgwood died at the end of the eighteenth century, before I knew what the eighteenth century was, or had any idea of time. I associated him with the nursery tea-set and the drawing-room ornaments. I did not realise until I grew older that he had not made these things himself. But the cups and plates I used came from a mysterious source called 'the works' and some of them had been made from designs he had approved. This brought the ancestral very near: and his wife too, because Josiah always asked Sarah to put out the new designs, to make sure that cream jugs and tea-pots were suitable for their purpose, poured without dripping and balanced in the hand. Great-great-grandmother, in a very practical way, presided over our tea table.

For industrial families 'the works' plays the same part as a mansion or a great estate plays in families in a different sphere. It is the magnet of the family, the centre of its traditions and its hope

...be so even to those living a long way off; possibly this happens more easily when the thing made is both useful and portable, like china. Small pieces can be transported easily to any distance and the furthest cousins in the furthest places can cherish something which came from the fountain-head.

The child born, as I was, some way from this magnetic centre, may find the first visit to the Potteries rather intimidating. My father was at home there; his father and his elder brother were both master potters and he had been brought up there. My brother is a master potter today. But my father, when he grew up, became absorbed into the quite different world of railways. So I first came to Staffordshire as a stranger; only, when I was there, everybody knew me without introduction and everybody seemed to be a relation. 'You're Josiah's daughter', they said, cordially and with satisfaction; and I did not know who they were. My elders are apt to be unhelpful when asked for information. They said things like: 'But that was Cousin Jessie, dear' or, 'Those were the Godfrey Wedgwoods'; and, as they were clearly shocked at my ignorance, I did not like to admit that I was still little the wiser. Belonging to a large family is like being at a large school. There are traditions and relationships that you are expected to know by instinct. Like the new boy at school, you simply must not ask about these things: you must just get to know them. Somehow you do get to know—the network of cousins gives coherence, you get the hang of it, and then all is well: every time you go back to the Potteries—after two months, or after twenty years—you will find this huge, multiple, multiplying family, ready to draw you once more into its cosy, cheerful, undemanding warmth. Then there is the first visit to the works. Since my childhood they have been modernised and are no longer on the old site. But when I was young, Josiah Wedgwood's own factory, at the place he called Burslem, was still being used, and the whole craft of pottery was—as in some respects it still is—a thing of proud and monumental traditions.



Portraits by Reynolds of Josiah Wedgwood (1730-1795) and his wife, Sarah Wedgwood (1734-1815)

In the labyrinthine stairs and corridors of the old works, it was fun to walk hand in hand with some purposeful striding elder, some godlike uncle or cousin, who had brought you in for a treat and was introducing you to everything and everyone. Pottery-making has an instant appeal. It was fascinating to see people going to and fro with huge plank-like trays of bowls and cups and coffee pots and sugar basins, looking like enlarged ghosts of the ones we had at home—ghosts because of the grey-white colour of the unbaked clay, and larger than life because they shrink in the firing. Then there was the breathless joy of watching the potter at his wheel. His assistant—how I longed to be that assistant!—slaps together a shapeless handful of wet clay, exactly the right amount, and puts it before him. The skilful hands close around it, and in a matter of seconds, as the wheel turns, it springs up like a live thing, lengthens, takes on a graceful familiar contour, spins into a bowl or a vase. Then there was the light, open room where girls sat at work, deftly, symmetrically painting the patterns on plates; in another room craftsmen were pressing clay into tiny delicate moulds of classical wreaths and nymphs and goddesses; and they miraculously released these fragile dancing figures by patting them out with a spatula.

I learnt something there, for a lifetime. It all looked so easy. But we were always allowed to have a try, and then we discovered what skill of wrist and hand, what judgement and experience went into all these things that were being done with such expeditious ease. I was brought up in the epoch when schools were already encouraging children to make things, and at mine we had a potter's wheel; but I never persisted in the school pottery classes. There was a traditional story that old Josiah, if he saw a pot of indifferent workmanship, used to break it up, saying, 'That's not good enough for Josiah Wedgwood'. I saw soon that everything I made at school—and to be frank, everything my little school friends made—would undoubtedly have suffered this fate.

The potter's craft was not for me, but the same lesson applies to other crafts, even to that of writing. A great part of the secret of achievement is perseverance and hard work. The idea is now out of fashion, prosy and Victorian. But I have



The Wedgwood family in 1780 painted by Stubbs

rarely met a good craftsman in any walk of life who did not subscribe to it in practice, whatever he might say or pretend to the contrary.

I am making a visit to the works sound like an improving tale from the Fairchild Family. It was not in the least like that: the first tour of the works always ended up in the most reassuring fashion. You were allowed to decorate a pot of your very own, by an absolutely foolproof process. It was a plain black pot—at least it would become black after firing; surprisingly, it was a dull red in the raw state. This was put on a smoothly revolving turntable, and all you had to do was to apply an instrument to the surface which indented a band of decoration in the damp clay. Artistic and discriminating children were content with one, or at most two, bands of decoration. I revealed myself at once to have no gift for design by covering my pot from rim to base. When it was done, you turned the pot up and scratched on its base your initials and the date. By the time my pot had gone through all the other processes of firing and finishing, I was far away again, in my home on the other side of England. It arrived by post one morning, a real black basalt pot, stamped with the Wedgwood mark, with my scratched initials alongside clearly legible. In that proud moment I felt that I had graduated as a full member of the family.

All this brought 'old Josiah' very near. There were, too, the family portraits. These, which were always spoken of with due reverence, belonged to senior members of the family. But we had—like all the other cousins, from Staffordshire to the Antipodes—engravings and photographs of them. There was Josiah himself, after the picture by Reynolds, in his neat white wig, with his head rather on one side; there was his wife Sarah, getting on in years when Reynolds painted her, rather dressed-up for the occasion, and looking a thought uneasy with the high hair-do and the cap of gossamer lace.

But the favourite picture of course was the one that Stubbs painted of the whole family—Josiah and Sarah, seated under a spreading tree; before them on the lawn their seven children, four of them about to set out for their afternoon ride. It is a picture that any child would like because you could have walked right into it and fed sugar to the ponies. There is a story behind the picture. George Stubbs was one of the many artists with whom Wedgwood was on good terms. Stubbs experimented in painting pictures on earthenware plaques for subsequent firing. He believed that in this way the clear and permanent effect of enamel could be achieved on a much larger scale. It was not easy to produce earthenware plaques to suit him, but at last Wedgwood managed to make some of the size he wanted—three and a half feet by two and a half. The experiments cost money and time, so in return Stubbs painted the family. Wedgwood hoped that these portraits would be useful to Stubbs, for he wrote in 1780: 'Mr. Stubbs came to us again last night after finishing a portrait which is much admired, and I think deservedly so, by all who have seen it, and I hope this, with our family picture and some others which he will probably paint before he leaves us, will give him a character which will be entirely new to him here, for nobody suspects Mr. Stubbs of painting anything but horses and lions and dogs and tigers, and I can scarcely make anybody believe that he ever attempted a human figure'.

Josiah was also a patron of Wright of Derby, who painted for him some of his best pictures. A careful and very devoted father, he could not for a long time make up his mind between Stubbs and Wright for taking the likenesses of his children. But he had a very clear idea of the two pictures he wanted. First, his daughters: 'Sukey playing upon her harpsichord with Kitty singing to her which she often does, and Sally and Mary Ann upon the carpet in some employment suitable to their

ages . . .' (they were three and one respectively). Then a companion piece of the boys: 'Jack standing at a table making fixable air with the glass apparatus etcetera, and his two brothers accompanying him. Tom jumping up and clapping his hands in joy and surprise at seeing the stream of bubbles rise up just as Jack has put a little chalk into the acid. Joss with the chemical dictionary before him in a thoughtful mood, which actions will be exactly descriptive of their respective characters'.

Josiah then goes on: 'My first thought was to put these pictures in Mr. Wright's hands, but other ideas took place . . . and I ultimately determined in favour of Mr. Stubbs. But what shall I do about having Mr. S. and Mr. W. here at the same time? Will they drink kindly together think you?' Apparently it did not come to a trial and in the end Stubbs painted one picture of parents and children together.

Not all of the three boys lived up to the characters their father gave them. Jack, the young experimentalist, who was making fixable air

turned out to be rather too fixable himself; he gave up pottery for horticulture. Little Tom, whom his father imagined jumping up in delight at the experiment, did live up to the hopes in his short life. Joss was a pioneer in the discovery of photography, and spent much of his time in making experiments in chemical and medical photography also, in association with his brother Joss, gave generous help to Coleridge.

Joss, who pored over the chemical dictionary in a thoughtful mood, retained that silent, hard-working and rather brooding character throughout life. When the eldest son would take to the family business it was this younger who carried on.

Men who rise by their own efforts take little for granted. Hence insistence on self-improvement was a characteristic of the first Josiah; he passed it on to his second son. It was on the whole a pleasant and kindly insistence, but it was firm. Josiah was distressed, for instance, at the want of education of a young nonconformist minister and devised a plan to help him. He wrote to his partner, Bentley:

I wish to be of service to a young divine who has succeeded Willett at Newcastle. His natural endowments, I am afraid, are small and his acquired ones still less. . . . He certainly wants several years schooling to make his education tolerably decent, but this lies quite out of his reach and all the hopes I have is from . . . furnishing him with a few good books that he may work out his own education with labour and perseverance. . . . Will you be so good as to think of a few books proper to be put into the hands of such a subject and would drop them in by degrees in the way they are likely to do him the most good.

This belief in constantly improving oneself—and perhaps a self-officiously improving others—was so strong in the first and the second Josiah that later generations have not outgrown it. The daughters of the family tended to marry professional men and intellectuals rather than men of business, so that there was less accumulation of wealth from commercial interests than in other essentially industrial families. When they did not marry they took to good works and—latterly—to learning and the professions. The most serious crime was to waste time. There have been rebels, of course, occasionally, and I look with certain awed admiration at those of my relations who have valiantly and defiantly adopted more vagabond lives. Most of us would not do like that young divine in Staffordshire in 1780, we feel the great pressure of the first Josiah, the kindly but firm example. We are expected to work out our own education—or salvation—or livelihood—or whatever it may be—'with labour and perseverance'.

—Home Servant



The Etruria Works—Josiah Wedgwood's factory at Stoke-on-Trent

'The Landlord Intends ...'

By A BARRISTER

THE word 'intend' seems simple enough. Perhaps it is an extravagance to devote an entire talk to discussing its meaning and effect. After all, it is a common enough verb, used in everyday speech by millions of people who doubtless think that they know well enough what it means. Yet for lawyer and layman alike there are valuable lessons to be learned from the volume of case law which, in the last year, has been gathering round this innocent little word, as used in paragraph (f) of subsection (1) of section 30 of the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1954; for this is a section of great practical importance to all landlords and tenants of business premises, whether shops, offices, factories, or clubs. If Parliament had devoted to that word little of the time which has been spent on it in the courts, it is probable that it would have remained in its present unadorned simplicity: yet who can say whether any possible amplification that might have occurred to the draftsman would not have proved even more tractable?

But let me first give you the setting. The general scheme of Part II of the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1954, is to give security of tenure to business tenants. Whether such a tenant has a weekly or other periodical tenancy, or a tenancy for a fixed term, his tenancy can be brought to an end by the landlord only by a notice in the special form provided by the Act, at least six months long. In that notice the landlord must state whether, and on what grounds, he would resist any application by the tenant for a new tenancy. The landlord is limited to the seven grounds set out in section 30 of the Act; if he cannot establish one of these grounds, then he cannot prevent the tenant from obtaining a new tenancy.

Two Important Points of Time

When the tenant receives such a notice, he must decide whether or not he wishes to remain in the premises. If he does, then within two months he must give notice of this to the landlord; in addition, within a further two months he must apply to the court for a new tenancy; and a few months later the case will come on for hearing. At the hearing the landlord can object to a new tenancy being granted only on the grounds stated in his original notice: and unless he establishes at least one of them the court has no discretion in the matter, but is bound to order the grant of a new tenancy for whatever term the court thinks fit, not exceeding fourteen years. It will be seen from this that two of the important points of time in the programme of the Act are when the landlord gives his notice, and when the case comes on for hearing, often six months or a year later; and I shall have some more to say about these times.

With that background in mind, we can look a little more closely at the two most important grounds of opposition to a new tenancy. Both relate to what the landlord intends to do at some future time, namely the termination of the current tenancy'. The first of the two grounds is that the landlord 'intends to demolish or reconstruct the premises . . . a substantial part of those premises . . .'. The other ground is that the landlord 'intends to occupy the [premises] for the purposes, or partly for the purposes, of a business to be carried on by him therein, as his residence'. In each case, therefore, the question is what the landlord 'intends': but the two grounds differ in this, that whereas demolition or reconstruction ground is available to all landlords, however recently they acquired the premises, the Act provides that the 'business occupation' ground is available only to a person who has been a landlord for at least five years. This rule prevents a purchaser from buying the premises over the head of a sitting tenant and promptly turning him out in order to occupy the premises himself.

It is fair to say that this is a simple enough scheme. What, then, is the difficulty? What problems are there in the word 'intends'? True, it is not always easy to ascertain with precision a mere state of mind, such as an intention. Indeed, Chief Justice Brian observed nearly five centuries ago that 'it is common knowledge that the thought of man will not be tried, for the Devil himself knoweth not the thought of

man'.¹ Yet for many years the courts have been accustomed to inferring a man's thoughts from what he says and does. Every lawyer knows the words uttered by Lord Justice Bowen in 1885: 'The state of a man's mind is as much a fact as the state of his digestion'.² Mr. Justice Harman has recently said of this that 'the doctors know precious little about the one and the judges know nothing about the other'. But despite this mordant comment, Lord Justice Bowen's dictum still holds the field. So once it has been ascertained from a man's words and deeds what his intention was, how and when does any difficulty arise?

Grammar Yielding to Common Sense

Those words 'how' and 'when' themselves provide a clue. Take the words 'the landlord intends to demolish or reconstruct the premises': does this mean that he must himself wield the pickaxe or apply mortar to the bricks? However plausible this may be grammatically, it would outrage common sense: and as an instrument for construing statutes, grammar must yield to common sense. A landlord who intends to employ contractors to do the work for him plainly satisfies the statute: *qui facit per alium facit per se*. In law, what a man effects by means of his servants or contractors he effects himself; for his is the mind that decides what shall be done. But what of a landlord whose intention is to grant a building lease which will require the lessee to do the work on his own account? This question arose last January in *Gilmour Caterers Ltd. v. St. Bartholomew's Hospital Governors*.³ There the landlord granted a lease for forty-eight years under which the lessee was to demolish the existing buildings and erect new buildings in conformity with certain detailed plans, elevations, and specifications: and the work was to be done under the inspection of the landlord's surveyor; and to his satisfaction.

The Court of Appeal held that with this degree of control over the work, the landlord could properly say that it was he who intended to demolish and reconstruct the premises. Lord Justice Denning, indeed, held that the phrase 'intends to demolish or reconstruct' was the equivalent of 'intends to have demolished or reconstructed'. Although the other members of the court expressed their agreement, their language was more directed to the degree of control which the landlord had over the work in this particular case. It is by no means clear that the decision of all three members of the court would have been the same if the building lease had left the lessee free to settle the details of the reconstruction for himself, perhaps merely stipulating for the expenditure of some specified sum on erecting a building of some general type. After all, if Parliament had wished the words 'intends to demolish or reconstruct' to mean 'intends to have demolished or reconstructed', it could easily have said so. Three years earlier, in provisions in a similar Act,⁴ which the Act of 1954 replaced, the matter had been put in this impersonal and passive way: 'The landlord reasonably requires possession in order that the premises . . . may be demolished or reconstructed': was there no significance in the verbal shift to the personal and the active: 'The landlord intends to demolish or reconstruct the premises'?

Blind Man and Black Cat

Let me turn from 'how' to 'when'. At what time must the landlord have the requisite intention? In *Betty's Cafés Ltd. v. Phillips Furnishing Stores Ltd.*,⁵ decided in May, the landlord was a limited company. That of itself creates difficulties. A company is an artificial person, and probing the intention in the artificial mind of an artificial person is sometimes like a blind man looking in a dark room for a black cat that isn't there. No formal resolution of the directors recording an intention to reconstruct the premises was passed until the fourth day of the hearing, and in the absence of any satisfactory evidence of a prior intention, Mr. Justice Danckwerts held that the landlord's claim must fail. It is too late for the landlord to evince his intention at the hearing: he must show that it existed when he served his notice setting out the grounds on which he would oppose an application for a new tenancy. Yet a month later this view was questioned by Lord Justice Denning, who said that he

1. Y.B. 17 Edw. 4, Pasch., fo. 2, pl. 2 (1477)

2. *Edginton v. Fitzmaurice* (1885) 29 Ch. D. 459 at 483

3. [1956] 1 Q.B. 387

4. Leasehold Property (Temporary Provisions) Act, 1951, s. 12(3) (c)

5. [1956] 1 W.L.R. 678

thought the right time to take was the date of the hearing.⁶ Within another month, however, this questioning had itself been questioned by the Master of the Rolls, Lord Evershed, with whom Lords Justices Jenkins and Hodson agreed: for the true view seems to be that the intention required is a continuing intention, existing at least as early as the date of the landlord's notice, and continuing unbroken down to the date of the hearing.⁷

Primary and Secondary Purpose

I turn from the circumstances of time and method attending the word 'intends' to the quality of the word itself. First let me dispose of a somewhat unexpected trouble which led to the conclusion that two intentions might be worse than one. Suppose that last year a landlord bought property occupied by a sitting tenant whose lease had only a year to run. The landlord's intention is to reconstruct the premises and then to occupy them himself, so that at first sight he appears to have two grounds on which to oppose the tenant's claim to a new tenancy; namely, the demolition and reconstruction head, and the 'own occupation' head. However, as he has not been landlord for at least five years, this latter ground is not available to him: yet may he not still succeed under the former ground? The answer given by the Court of Appeal last October in a case of this sort, *Atkinson v. Bettison*,⁸ was 'No'. A distinction was drawn between the landlord's primary purpose to get possession for himself, and his intention to reconstruct the premises, which is only his secondary purpose: and it was said that a landlord whose primary purpose was not available to him because of the five years rule could not circumvent that rule by putting forward a secondary purpose as though it were the main purpose.

This decision encountered some robust criticism. Why should a ground cease to be a ground merely because it is not the primary ground? No doubt 'intends' means 'genuinely intends', and so excludes a mere pretended or colourable intention: but why should a genuinely held intention be ignored merely because it is subsidiary to another intention? It almost looked as if the Court of Appeal was posing a new riddle: 'When is an intention not an intention?' and answering 'When it is not a primary intention'. However, all is now well. Within six months, in *Fisher v. Taylors Furnishing Stores Ltd.*,⁹ the Court of Appeal swept away the doctrine of primary and secondary purposes, a doctrine which was said to have gone too far. If an intention is not genuine, and is merely colourable, it will not suffice: but if it is genuine, then it is immaterial that it is not the primary intention. A landlord with a multiplicity of intentions need no longer have them graded: all he need do is to prove that at least one of them is genuine.

What is an Intention?

But what is an intention? Where is the line to be drawn between 'intention' and 'hope'? It is no abuse of the English language if I say that I 'intend' to finish this talk within the allotted time. But if I were to say 'I intend one day to be Prime Minister', the answer would be that I could not truly be said to have any intention of filling that office; at best I could have no more than a hope. The classical exposition of 'intention' was that given by Lord Justice Asquith, in characteristically felicitous language, when construing another Act.¹⁰ In the course of argument he asked counsel: 'Has "intention" or "decision" any reality where a person is hedged about with so many legal obstructions which he has to surmount before he can make his wish prevail?' And in his judgement he said:

An intention, to my mind, connotes a state of affairs which the party 'intending'—I will call him X—does more than merely contemplate: it connotes a state of affairs which, on the contrary, he decides, so far as in him lies, to bring about, and which, in point of possibility, he has a reasonable prospect of being able to bring about, by his own act of volition. X cannot, with any due regard to the English language, be said to 'intend' a result which is wholly beyond the control of his will. He cannot 'intend' that it shall be a fine day tomorrow: at most he can hope or desire or pray that it will. Nor, short of this, can X be said to 'intend' a particular result if its occurrence, though it may be not wholly uninfluenced by X's will, is dependent on so many other influences, accidents and cross-currents of circumstance that, not merely is it quite likely not to be achieved at all, but, if it is achieved, X's volition will have been no more than a minor agency, collaborating with, or not thwarted by, the factors which predominately determine its occurrence. If there is a sufficiently formidable succession of fences to be surmounted before the result at which X aims can be achieved, it may well be unmeaning to say that X 'intended' that result.

Lord Justice Asquith then examined the facts of that case, and came to the conclusion that of the landlord's two projects, neither had 'moved out of the zone of contemplation—out of the sphere of the tentative, the provisional and the exploratory—into the valley of decision'.

That approach has been adopted in a number of cases under the Act of 1954. Thus in *Reohorn v. Barry Corporation*,¹¹ decided last June the Barry Corporation had a comprehensive scheme, estimated to cost £500,000, for the redevelopment of some ten acres on Barry Island. The Corporation lacked either the money or, the statutory powers to carry out the scheme, but had entered into negotiations with a development company for the grant of a long lease for development purposes. The question was whether the Corporation had the necessary intention to carry out 'substantial work of construction', which is an alternative to demolition or reconstruction; and the Court of Appeal held it had not. Nobody questioned the genuineness of the landlord's aspirations but with no more than tentative negotiations for a lease, no financial arrangements, and no detailed plans, those aspirations did not attain the quality of an intention within the meaning of Lord Justice Asquith's words. There was not, it was said, the 'firm and settled intention, no likely to be changed'¹² which the Act was held to require.

Evidence for the Court

From these and other cases, it has become plain that although a landlord may have gone far with his preparations for demolition or reconstruction, yet he is likely to fail unless he puts before the court satisfactory evidence as to each component part of his design. He may have had plans drawn up, and have the requisite permission from the town planning and other authorities; yet even if he is wealthy, he must produce evidence of his ability to finance the scheme. If his object is to let the reconstructed property to some friend of his, he may have to produce evidence of the terms of the proposed tenancy, and of that friend's willingness, and ability, to take that tenancy. It is not clear how detailed his plans must be: must he obtain bills of quantities, or tenders, for a reconstruction which of necessity cannot begin for many months? At least this is clear: that the court may regard the absence of any of these matters as significant of a faint heart, and so fail to be satisfied of the necessary 'firm and settled intention, not likely to be changed'. And if a landlord does not satisfy the trial judge, he has a small chance of success on appeal, even if he can then produce further and conclusive evidence on the matters on which he was found wanting. For on this point the trial judge's decision will normally be a decision on a matter of fact, and thus in most cases not liable to be disturbed by the Court of Appeal; and only in rare cases will further evidence be admitted on an appeal. A landlord who makes a single slip of omission in his attempt to establish the high standard of proof of intention now required by the courts may thus find himself shut out of his premises for anything up to another fourteen years, with no effect of right of appeal.

So now you know what Parliament 'intended' by 'intends'. That word cannot, perhaps, be said to be trailing clouds of glory. But certainly has attracted more than its fair share of descriptive expressions. There must have been more than a merely tentative, provisional or exploratory decision; there must have been a move out of the zone of contemplation into the valley of decision; the landlord must genuinely have resolved to effect a state of affairs which he has a reasonable prospect of being able to bring about by his own act of volition. Yet although it now matters not whether the intention is a primary intention or merely secondary, it is essential that the intention should be firm and settled, and not likely to be changed. As Humpty Dumpty said 'When I make a word do a lot of work like that, I always pay extra'. This, perhaps, harks back to Sheridan. In Act III of 'The Critic', Burleigh comes forward, shakes his head, and goes out.

SNEER: He is very perfect indeed—Now, pray what did he mean by that?

PUFF: You don't take it?

SNEER: No: I don't, upon my soul.

PUFF: Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even tho' they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures—yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people—the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

SNEER: The devil! Did he mean all that by shaking his head?

PUFF: Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

6. *Reohorn v. Barry Corporation* [1956] 1 W.L.R. 845 at 850.

7. *Fleet Electric Ltd. v. Jacey Investments Ltd.* [1956] 1 W.L.R. 1027 at 1036.

8. [1955] 1 W.L.R. 1127.

12. *Fisher v. Taylors Furnishing Stores Ltd.* [1956] 2 W.L.R. 985 at 988.

9. [1956] 2 W.L.R. 985.

10. *Cunliffe v. Goodman* [1950] 2 K.B. 237 at 247, 253, 254.

11. [1956] 1 W.L.R. 845 at 850.

Few lawyers or laymen have not at some time complained of the complexity of language used on the Statute Book, and many have grieved for drafting in simpler terms. Yet when a common word such as 'intends' is used, the courts are often driven by circumstances to attach to it as much as Puff attributed to Burleigh's shake of the head, or more: and there are none to join Humpty Dumpty in paying the word extra—or, indeed, danger money for the perils of being construed. Plainly, 'intends' must be distinguished from 'contemplates' or 'desires'. Yet although Lord Justice Asquith's test does that, have not the cases gone a good deal further? Can there be no intention within the true meaning of the word unless it is firm and settled and not likely to be changed? In some spheres there obviously can. A suspicious character who stealthily tries the doors of parked cars is likely to be arrested and convicted of the offence under section 4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, which may shortly be described as loitering with intent to commit a felony: yet his was almost certainly an intention which was not firm, or settled, and almost certain to be changed the moment danger was scented. No such person is likely to escape conviction by paying in aid the cases under the Landlord and Tenant Act, 1954, for the context is so different. But is it really clear that in using the simple word 'intends' in that Act, Parliament meant to exclude all intentions except those which are firm, settled, and not likely to be changed? The truth of the matter seems to be that Parliament and the draftsman never really worked out this part of section 30 in detail. The courts, fearful of landlords ousting tenants by asserting the requisite intention and subsequently undergoing a convenient change of mind, have loaded the word 'intends' with more meaning than anyone ever consciously meant it to bear—or so it seems. What is needed is not the acceptively elegant simplicity of the present wording, but some more simple phrasing which explains with greater clarity what is meant. There should also be some new provision that will fairly compensate the former tenants of landlords who, having obtained possession, abandon their earlier firm, settled intention. Cases of fraud, misrepresentation, or the concealment of material facts are already covered; what is lacking is any provision for the landlord who, once in possession, finds an adequate reason for undergoing a change of heart, and a sloughing of his zeal for demolition or reconstruction. At present, the courts'

natural desire to defeat landlords suspected of such faintheartedness has led to the elevation of the word 'intends' into a hurdle of such height as to put many an honest landlord in peril of disaster by reason of some deficiency of evidence. Would it not have been better if Parliament, instead of leaving everything to be resolved on the difficult terrain of a subjective intention, had acted on the principle that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and had left at least some questions to be settled on the basis of what the landlord actually does when he gets possession?

One final point: claims by a tenant for a new lease have to be brought in the county court unless the rateable value exceeds £500, or both parties agree to the case being heard in the High Court. As already mentioned, questions such as whether the landlord had the necessary intention have been held to be, generally speaking, mere questions of fact: and on a question of fact usually no appeal lies from a county court to the Court of Appeal. However, when the County Courts Act, 1955, recently extended the jurisdiction of county courts, it gave a right of appeal on questions of fact where damages exceeding £200 were claimed: but it gave no such right of appeal in these cases of claims to a new lease. The result is that an appeal on questions of fact lies if the claim is for, say, £250 damages for breach of contract, but not if it is for a new lease of property with a rateable value of £475, a rental value of £750, and a capital value of £15,000. If the county court judge is not satisfied that the landlord had the necessary intention, and orders the grant of a new tenancy for fourteen years, his decision is thus normally unappealable. I yield to none in my admiration of the work done by county court judges. But they often labour under more difficult conditions than obtain in the High Court, and it is no criticism of them to suggest that it is hardly satisfactory that a decision on such a point should be beyond appeal if the judge is a county court judge, though not if the judge is a High Court judge.

That, then, is the word 'intends' as used in one paragraph of one subsection of one Act. 'Much ado'—yes, but not 'about nothing'. Modern statutory interpretation is like that. I can only ask you 'Do you think the position wholly satisfactory?' and expect the answer 'No, I do not'. But dare I add: 'Well, do you "intend" to do anything about it?'—*Third Programme*

spects of Africa

Opposing Views on Race in South Africa

The Historical Background

By JORDAN NGUBANE

Formerly editor of Inkundla ya Bantu, a Bantu newspaper

TO assess the real significance of African political movements one has to see them against the background of the wars and the Africans' defeat on the field of battle at the turn of the century. After defeat the South African European did not have a clearly worked out pattern to regulate relations between Black and White. As the result, when the Union of South Africa was formed, the African saw in it a white united front aimed at the destruction of his own future. He believed then that the front that had been created would be influenced largely by those who had, in their traditions, the tradition of slave-owning. To defend himself against this threat, he decided to create an exclusively African front. In 1912, the leaders of the African people, led notably by the late Dr. Pixley Seme, gathered together in Bloemfontein with the chiefs and the leaders of all various African races, the Zulus, the Xosas, and the Basuto. Dr. Seme appealed to them, first, to merge themselves into one community, all Africans. Secondly, he appealed to them to have one political organisation which would lead their struggle against white domination. Thus was born the African National Congress. The first item on their programme was African unity. They believed that African numbers would be a decisive force in the race struggle. Secondly, they believed in partnership between black and white. Thirdly, they regarded the question not as a domestic matter for South Africa but as something of a vital interest to the human race. The policy of the African National Congress was essentially conciliatory, and in pursuance of

their policy of not regarding the race struggle as of domestic interest only to South Africa, in 1914 they sent a deputation to London to persuade the British people to intervene and help the Africans against the Land Act of 1913, and another to Versailles in 1919 to get the nations of the world to stop South Africa in its rush to impose race discrimination on the African people.

The economic upheavals which followed the first world war created need for something more positive than the conciliatory policy of the African National Congress. As a result, in 1919 a group of African workers and with European trade unionists met in Cape Town and formed the African Commercial and Industrial Workers' Union, known popularly as the I.C.U. The moving spirit in this movement was the late Mr. Clements Kadalie, who had come originally from Nyasaland. When the I.C.U. was started it set itself the goals of a trade union movement, but in the South African context it rapidly turned into a political organisation with a strong nationalistic bias. Its main appeal to the African people rested, first, on its policy of direct intervention in the relations between the white employer and the African employee; secondly, on its readiness to seek redress for wrongs through the law-courts; and, thirdly, it relied greatly on the pressure of organised African numbers.

The I.C.U. did not last long: by about the 'thirties it had collapsed. It collapsed for two reasons: the first of those was inexperience and the second was the pressure of the Hertzog Nationalist government. But there is something important it had done: it had instilled a new confidence in the African, confidence in his own strength. Secondly, it had also awakened in the Indian and the Coloured an interest in the possibilities the use of the Africans' numbers held out. At the time people even started thinking of a non-European united front. In the meantime the Communist Party had been formed round about 1921.

When it was formed it was largely a white organisation, but it changed its policy in 1924 and admitted African workers. One immediate result of this was that a large number of its European members left it, and from about 1927 it changed its policy and began to advocate a black republic and concentrated largely on training African trade-union workers. The black republic, the strength of the I.C.U., and the signs of the depression then on the horizon, frightened white opinion and made possible the Hertzog victory in 1929. The victorious Nationalists smashed the I.C.U. and smashed the Communist Party.

The Hertzog Bills

The defeat of the I.C.U. and the collapse of the communists at the time was followed by the Hertzog Bills, in which General Hertzog proposed to deprive the Cape Africans of the franchise rights they had held for a long time. He proposed also to set up the Natives' Representative Council, an advisory body which would advise the Union Government on the needs of the African people. This created need for a new regrouping of forces. The various African organisations, the I.C.U., the African National Congress and trade union movements were not organised strongly and as the result of that were not in a position to put up effective resistance to the Hertzog Bills. This necessitated the creation of a new body which would co-ordinate the activities of all the various organisations on the African front. It was in this way that the All-African Convention was born. It was set up to bring together the various African organisations in a front to resist the Hertzog Bills. But early in the history of the Convention two divisions became obvious. One section wanted direct action. It had been impressed by the possibilities opened up by the united strength of the African people behind the I.C.U. The other wing, which wanted conciliation, insisted on getting concessions by negotiation.

This split in the ranks of the All-African Convention gave General Hertzog the 'green light'. The African National Congress wing decided to try the experiment of the Natives' Representative Council. Some of its members stood for election to the Council, and the Council itself worked for a while under the Smuts Government. It collapsed, however, when Dr. Malan's Nationalists rose to power after 1948. The collapse of the Natives' Representative Council, the end of the second world war, and the trend of events in Asia all created a political vacuum in South Africa. The events in Asia in particular called for something to fill this vacuum. Within the ranks of the African National Congress itself the Congress Youth League arose. The Youth League was the group of young men who were dissatisfied with the attitude which the Natives' Representative Council had taken towards the war, namely that of not embarrassing the Union Government while it prosecuted the war. This meant that for the duration the African National Congress would not press for the claims of the African people. The Congress Youth League wanted positive action largely on the basis of African nationalism.

The second movement which rose to fill the vacuum was the African Democratic Party. It wanted equal partnership for all. The Congress Youth League wanted direct action in the form of the passive resistance movement. In that movement the President-General of the African National Congress, Dr. Moroka, called for 10,000 volunteers to go to gaol in protest against specified laws: 8,500 men and women went to gaol in response to Dr. Moroka's call. The resistance movement marked a turning-point in the history of the relations between black and white. I might briefly outline its real significance. First, it was an invitation to the white democrat in South Africa to cross the colour line and join hands with the black democrat in the fight against those forces which threatened democracy in this part of the world, that is in the fight against *apartheid*. Secondly, it was a notice to the peoples of the world that the African people had decided to call a halt to *apartheid*, and that in fact South Africa would become the most important storm centre in the years to come. Thirdly, it was a vote of confidence in the leadership of the African National Congress.

Resistance/Movement and its Achievement

What did the resistance movement achieve? Within South Africa itself it effected a change in the balance of political power. It made both black and white realise that the organised numbers of the African people were the strongest single force to defeat *apartheid*. This brought about a split in the ranks of the United Party and led finally to the emergence of the Union Federal Party with a slightly more liberal native policy. Secondly, it led to the emergence of the South African Liberal Party which stood for a common society in which black and white would

stand on a footing of complete equality. Thirdly, it led to the formulation of a more liberal policy by the All-White South African Labour Party. Elsewhere it swung world opinion very much against *apartheid*. It also made the non-European more conscious of unity and opened the way for closer co-operation between the peoples of Asia and of Africa. The Malan Government replied to all this by imposing bans on the leaders of the African people and by passing Acts such as the Suppression of Communism Act and the Public Safety Act, which in effect limited the freedom not only of the African people but of all the people of South Africa.

At the same time the resistance movement convinced the non-African that the fight against *apartheid* was not a fight between black and white but that it was a conflict between two opposing values. This realisation necessitated a new regrouping of non-European forces. The first force on the field comes from the left. They see in nationalisation a solution to South Africa's problems. They would like to see the African turn to the East, to seek salvation for himself in closer bonds with the people of the democracies of Asia and Europe. The second force is African nationalism: the type of nationalism which is preached by the Congress Youth League section of the African National Congress. This nationalism ultimately might lead to a situation where the black man would dominate the minority groups.

The third force, a relatively new force, African Irridentism, is a movement which is the illegitimate child of *apartheid*. It preaches that the peoples of Africa are oppressed together and that salvation for them lies in presenting an African united front all over the continent against what is called 'the imperialist oppressor from Europe'. The ultimate goal of the Irridentist movement is Africa for the African. The fourth and last force is that which sees salvation for the man of colour in the concept of a common destiny for the men of colour in the world. These want to bring together not only the peoples of Africa but those of Asia who have thrown off their necks the yoke of colonialism. The African-Asian conference held at Bandung was a step forward in the direction of those who see a better future for the men of colour in the peoples of Asia and Africa cultivating closer bonds. South Africa is passing through a dark phase but the darkest moments still lie ahead.

Freedom Front in the Congress

By ALBERT LUTHULI

President-general of the African National Congress; deposed chief of the Abasemakolweni tribe (Christian Zulus), and later banned under the Suppression of Communism Act

MANY PEOPLE in the world are interested in the welfare of the oppressed peoples, and the African National Congress represents a large section of the oppressed people in the Union of South Africa. In its growth has, with time, established a very strong freedom front, which does not consist of Africans only but also of other national groups in the Union of South Africa. It has become the pioneer movement representing a real freedom front. Its influence has extended beyond the borders of the Union, for we have contacts with other national movements amongst the African people—in the Rhodesias, for example, where they too, like us, suffer from oppression from the white rulers.

At the time when the Union was founded in 1910, it became clear that the white rulers and—I always regretted this point but nevertheless one has to mention it—and England, did let down the African people. No provision whatsoever was made for the recognition of the African people as part of the responsible citizens of the country, and when it became clear to the people one result was that our predecessors formed the African National Congress. We started to agitate for the political rights of the African people. It was clear at Union that, since political rights for Africans had been completely refused in the north-western provinces, and there were only limited rights even in the Cape, the African people would have to put up a stronger fight if they were to secure any recognition by the rulers.

In 1936 whatever political rights the Africans had in the Cape were removed from them. That strengthened the African National Congress in its programme of fighting more strongly for the gaining of political rights, and it should be clear to anyone that it is only to the extent that people are able to exert their influence politically that they can have hope at any time to have their representations listened to by the Government.

We lost in 1936, but, on the other hand, I think we gained in our determination to fight. For from that time it became clear to all people, whatever their own political outlook might be, that there was no other way in which we could gain recognition except to show that we were becoming militant. When I say 'militant' I must quickly explain that the policy of the African National Congress is to be militant as much as we can be militant, and yet non-violent. That is really the most important corner-stone in our programme at the present moment. We do not wish to be doubted in this matter. We have come to the conclusion that we can gain nothing by just peaceful, meek, representation to the Government. Despite all the representations, we lost in 1936 and I, personally, am convinced that it is sheer waste of time to continue with a policy of meekly making representation to the Government and having your resolutions merely treated as so much waste paper.

Knowing the Goal

One may say: What hope have you by being militant in your programme? At least I have this satisfaction: that in my own mind I have become clear as to the goal at which I am aiming. It becomes clearer to the people, too, that nowhere in the world have people ever received freedom without a struggle; that it is only people who are prepared to sacrifice for freedom who deserve to get it.

One other point I would like to stress in this matter of the objectives of the African National Congress: that in our growth we have become a liberatory movement which includes political organisations such as the South African Indian Congress, the Congress of Democrats consisting of white people, the Coloured people's organisation, and the African National Congress. All of the people who are prepared to see South Africa becoming a true democracy are welcomed in the circles of our liberatory movement.

Our friends sometimes ask why, in the African National Congress, it should have become necessary to have four different organisations; why we did not have, for instance, just one organisation and admit into it all people, regardless of their race, and so on? In our constitution there is no mention at all of membership being limited to people of a certain racial group, but purely as a matter of present policy, representing as we do a large section of the people who think tribally, we have to carry our people with us. We have to carry them to the step when they must think as a group and then from there some of us hope that it will carry them to think with us—not as this and that race in South Africa but as just one nation consisting of these various groups. I am happy to say that certainly since I took an interest in Congress affairs this idea of narrow nationalism in African circles is dying out.

My own personal idea, and I think many people in Congress would agree with me, is that when we talk of nationalism in the National Congress it is something much broader than, for example, the nationalists of the Afrikaner group would think of. We regard as nationalist all people who find themselves in the Union of South Africa, whatever their origin may be. We regard them as being part of South Africa. We feel that South Africa is large enough: its resources are sufficient to accommodate all people, regardless of race, colour, and creed, if I may repeat that great saying. The only people we would feel are not part of the nationalism we envisage in South Africa are those who, for instance, elbow others out of South Africa. I am not talking of any particular group but about individuals, and there are many of such individuals, especially among the British—people of the 'jingo' type—who, while in South Africa, think of themselves as belonging to other continents and who pay greater allegiance to the continent of their origin. Such people, it should be obvious, cannot be regarded as part of this broader nationalism which we envisage in the African National Congress.

Constitutional Objectives

I would like briefly here to state the objectives in our constitution. To promote and protect the interests of the African people in all matters affecting them: to struggle for the removal of all discriminatory laws and practices—and we are not thinking only of laws discriminating against Africans: to strive for the attainment of universal adult suffrage in the Union of South Africa: to organise the African people into a powerful and effective instrument for the national freedom and for the creation of a united democratic South Africa.

In our struggle to make South Africa a true democracy, we are facing the Nationalist Party, now under Mr. Strijdom, which consists of some real fanatics when it comes to questions of oppressing anyone who does not think in their narrow way of democracy. We are facing a

Government that is determined to see through a policy of *apartheid*, this devilish policy of separating people in one country and making them feel as if one group was hostile to another group instead of working for harmony. They have put into the statute book of South Africa some laws which I feel certain generations to come, even among the whites, will be ashamed of. I am sorry to say that the majority of white South Africans at present, whatever their views on other political questions, seem to support the Nationalists, but I feel sure that posterity, even in the white group, will regret what has been done by the Nationalists to destroy the spirit of friendship which should have been developed and which did show itself in the earlier contacts between black and white in this country.

The African people are faced now with the separate type of education known as Bantu education; legislation on the industrial field is afoot still to deprive the African people of any opportunities to win means of attaining a civilised standard of living; and all round we find implementation of the *apartheid* policy restricting the progress of the African people along the line of civilisation—which, strangely enough, the Nationalist people and white people of South Africa in general say they wish to uphold. Yet they deny the African people the means to live according to the civilised standards which any men should aspire to and which Africans have long shown that they aspire to. Right from the earlier contacts the African people showed that, and some of us are determined that we shall fight *apartheid* until South Africa becomes a true democracy.

What Apartheid Offers

By SOLI MODISE

Chairman of one of the African school boards set up under the Bantu Education Act; Chief Clerk of the Health Board of Alexandra township

THE FIRST POINT on which I have been asked to express an opinion is on a concept of freedom which implies primarily the vote and other equal rights within the same community as Europeans. The implication here is that all racial groups in South Africa, and indeed throughout the world, compose a single community. That is hardly the case and has never been, even in the early days of the Cape.

The fact is that the racial groups in South Africa have always behaved and acted, whether voluntarily or otherwise, as separate units in accordance with social heritage and colour. What existed in fact was naturally embodied in and reflected by differentiating legislation. In this context it is almost impossible to give a comprehensive definition of freedom, which I understand as the inalienable right of every person, regardless of race, colour, or creed, to live his life, to rule and be ruled by and in accordance with the accepted principles of human rights prevailing in his own community.

In South Africa, the social structure is based partly on segregation or separation, with exploitation particularly of the African by the European and other groups, and partly on a form of European trusteeship under which the African ward never attains majority. Both of these policies are so deeply rooted in the plurality of white South Africans that freedom in the accepted sense necessarily becomes a privilege reserved for this group alone.

In the face of this virtually insurmountable obstacle it becomes a matter for speculation whether the African National Congress through its policy of political (though non-violent) action can ever hope to attain its ideal of freedom for Africans as envisaged by the President-General, nor is there the slightest indication at the moment that the aim of Congress is likely to be realised in the foreseeable future, to represent not only Africans, but to build up a non-racial nationalism or South African patriotism including all racial groups who would resist 'an oppressive form of government'. Consequently I find it difficult to agree that this is the right goal for Africans; nor am I impressed by the claim that the African National Congress represents the views of most Africans. If it be so, then it is certainly the best-kept secret of our time, since the reaction of these same Africans to Congress leadership appears to be one of inexplicable apathy.

You will have come to the conclusion that I do not entertain a high opinion of Congress. That is partly true if the success of a movement is determined by the results achieved. On the other hand, I fully endorse the aspirations of Congress for freedom. I differ from Congress, however, on the question of the approach towards the attainment of this end.

(continued on page 427)

NEWS DIARY

September 12-18

Wednesday, September 12

Parliament meets to discuss Suez crisis. Prime Minister announces that the three Western Powers have decided to set up a canal users' association

A letter from the French and British Governments on the Suez situation is delivered to the U.N. Security Council

Non-Egyptian pilots on the Suez Canal give notice that they will leave their posts on September 14

Thursday, September 13

Commons reject by majority of 70 votes Opposition amendment of censure on Government for its handling of Suez question

Mr. Dulles tells news conference in Washington that the United States has no intention of shooting its way through the Suez Canal

Egyptian Government informs the United Nations that it will do all it can to maintain the flow of traffic through the Suez Canal after foreign pilots leave

Friday, September 14

Commons approve Government's Cyprus policy by majority of 65 votes

A clash is reported on the Israel-Jordan border

Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, sees President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles in Washington

Saturday, September 15

President Nasser calls the Suez canal users' association an association for war

Convoys piloted entirely by Egyptians and Greeks pass through the Suez Canal

Soviet Government publishes a statement that as a Great Power it cannot stand aside from the Suez problem

Sunday, September 16

Foreign Ministers of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark meet in Stockholm to discuss Suez question. They accept invitation from three Western Powers to London conference on proposed users' association

Mr. Krishna Menon leaves Delhi for Cairo at the invitation of President Nasser

Mr. Chou En-lai speaks in Peking about China's second five-year plan

Monday, September 17

Eighteen Governments agree to attend new London meeting on Suez. Mr. Dulles makes statement on American plans before leaving Washington

Egyptian Government replies to letter sent by French and British Governments to U.N. Security Council about Suez Canal crisis

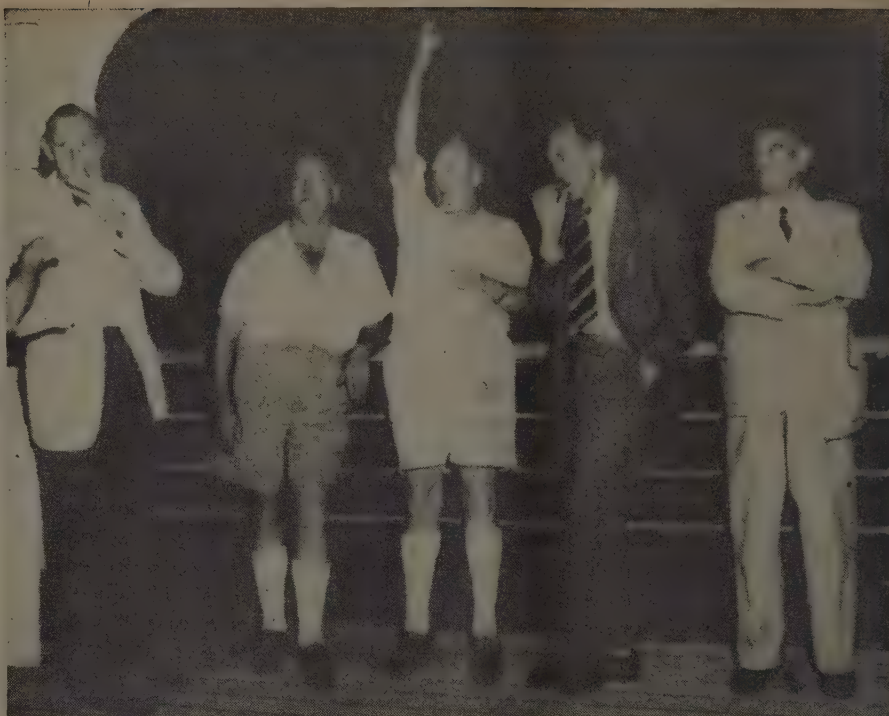
Two sides in Clydeside shipyard dispute announce that they have reached basis of agreement

Tuesday, September 18

Foreign Ministers of three Western Powers hold meetings in London preparatory to conference on Suez Canal

Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, makes statement in Sydney about the Suez Canal crisis

Gold Coast is to attain independence within the Commonwealth next March

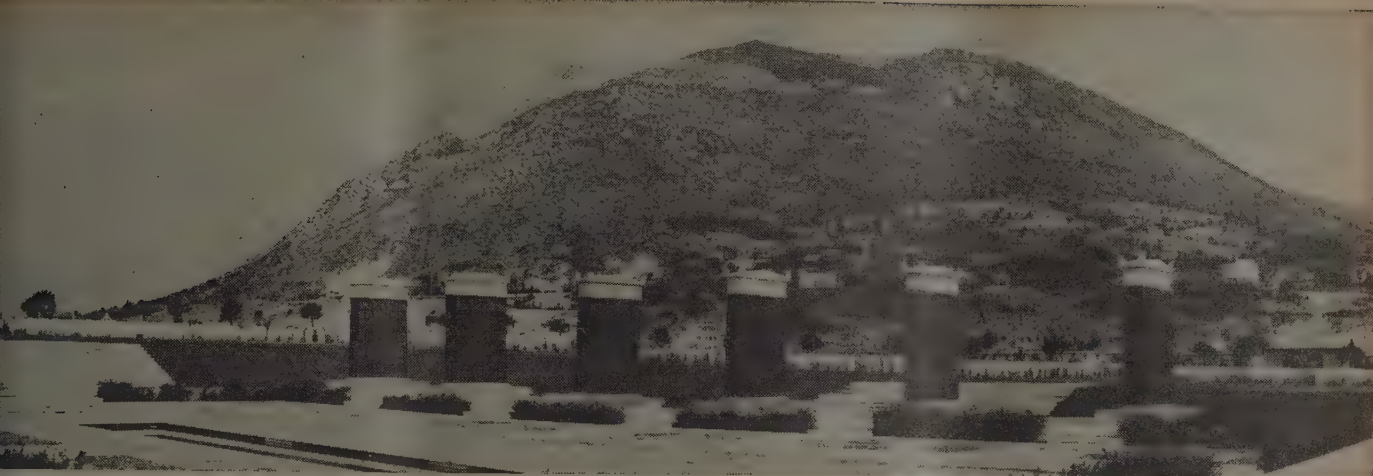


A group of British Suez Canal pilots photographed on the deck of the *Canton* as they left Egypt last weekend. Since the withdrawal of foreign pilots ships passing through the canal have been handled by Egyptian and Greek pilots; fifteen Russian pilots who arrived in Cairo on Saturday started training this week. The London Conference on a proposed canal users' association opened at Lancaster House yesterday



A photograph taken after the annual Battle of Britain drumhead memorial service at the R.A.F. station at Biggin Hill, Kent, last Sunday: the procession, headed by the Bishop of Woolwich, Dr. R. W. Stannard, who conducted the service, is seen returning to the chapel. Commemoration services were also held at R.A.F. stations and churches in many other parts of the country

Right: two of four greater Egyptian jerboas (desert rats from North Africa) which have recently been presented to the London Zoo. These are the first to be received by the Zoo for seventeen years



Cassino, Italy, to be unveiled on September 30 and Alexander of Tunis. On the pillars flanking a road are the names of over 4,000 Commonwealth soldiers who died in the Italian and Sicilian campaigns and who have no known graves



The new ballet 'The Legend of the Taj Mahal', first performed by Ram Gopal and his company of the Royal Festival Hall, London, this week. Ram Gopal is the Prince, with Shevanti, one of his principal dancers, as the Princess



Harvesting machinery standing idle in a partially cut field on a Gloucestershire farm as work was again interrupted by rain last week



Klaus Richtzenhain of East Germany beating the British runners C. Chataway and G. Pirie in the 1,500-metre race during the floodlit international athletics meeting at White City last week



Left: Miss Christine Truman of Essex, aged fifteen, who won the girls' singles in the British Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon last Saturday. She beat the holder, Miss Anne Haydon of Warwickshire (aged seventeen), 1-6, 8-6, 6-4

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m'accueille en m'apportant
GREET'S ME WITH
mes pantoufles et un grand
MY SLIPPERS AND A LARGE
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MY SLIPPERS FIRST.



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PETTIGREW & STEPHENS—GLASGOW. ELLISTON & CAVELL—OXFORD. HOWELLS—CARDIFF

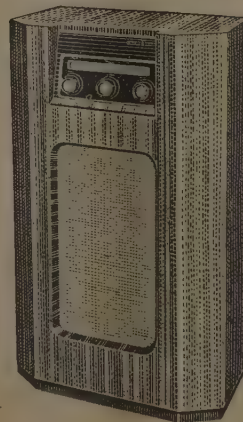
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transmissions to enjoy clear, lively reception free of all background 'hiss' and crackle.

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(continued from page 423)

A dispassionate look at the situation obtaining in South Africa and in other parts of the civilised world should convince any observer that racial tensions are assuming alarming proportions in communities where different racial groups are found in loose association or close contact. For any under-privileged group to attempt, at this stage, to assert its rights at the expense of the Machiavellian privileges of the dominant group would simply be inviting open conflict, mutual tribulation and, ultimately, ruthless subjugation of the vanquished group. The position of a movement committed to non-violence in such a situation, is best left to the imagination.

I believe that God, in His divine wisdom, anticipated these human problems. He therefore provided a number of territories on the face of the earth for the peoples of different colours He created to fulfil His purpose in this world. He divided race from race and sometimes nation from nation by means of ocean, river, and mountain; by language and culture, not as insurmountable barriers but rather part of the diversity found in all creation and as permanent reminders for all to preserve and to maintain as nature preserves and maintains the racial distinctions He ordained. It had to, and could only, be man who would transgress that ordinance as he has violated so many others. And it can only be man who can, and must, restore the *status quo*. That, at the highest level, is *apartheid* or separation, although it has been argued that there is no scriptural authority for it.

I incline to the view that freedom for the African is to be found in the direction of *apartheid* which, as I have attempted to illustrate, is both natural and practical. 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him': I do not think that this expression can ever have any effect on the validity of *apartheid*, although I have heard it denounced as *baasskap*, a pipe dream; *herrenvolkism*, a fraud, a colossal swindle; as impracticable, and in similar fragrant epithets. *Apartheid* is based on too solid a foundation to collapse at the sound of selfish and prejudiced minds.

Let us hear what the foremost authority on *apartheid*—Dr. Eiselen, Secretary for Native Affairs in the Union of South Africa—has to say on the subject in so far as South Africa is concerned:

The first requirement is that the ultimate goal should be seen clearly, namely, the separation of white and black into separate self-sufficient socio-economic units, a process which will be spread over many years. The aim once in view, both parties will be able to adapt themselves gradually to the new circumstances envisaged by *apartheid* (or separation) and they will bear with greater equanimity and less bitterness the

many hardships they will certainly meet in the transition period . . .

The present system of domination tempered with trusteeship has proved irksome to the African community and is becoming even more irritating. The African finds that his freedom of movement and action is severely curtailed, that in his efforts to rise to a higher level he finds his progress barred by the white man, who claims permanent superiority by virtue of his colour. He finds to his dismay that many of the Europeans who appear to champion the cause of equal opportunity for all, resent close contact and familiarity with the African and that they are not prepared to go beyond distant friendship.

Congress wants to change all this and to substitute complete equality for all by political (though non-violent) action. White South Africa retorts: 'Only over my dead body'. Which view is likely to prevail? The implications are obvious.

I choose *apartheid* because I see something tangible and definite in it. The right to serve and to be served by my own people; the right to vote and to be elected in my own community; the right to have and to enjoy territorial independence; to live a full and unfettered life; to develop and apply my talents in the cultural, social, and industrial spheres in my own part of the world as other racial groups throughout the world do in theirs. *Apartheid* offers me liberation from discrimination, exploitation, and oppression because *apartheid* does not accept that any one race is inferior to another. *Apartheid* offers me freedom from the humiliation of second-class citizenship and a third-class moral status in a multi-racial society; from the absurdities of a European prenominal attached to an African surname and from the hollow mockery of equality before God but not before man. *Apartheid* is replete with tremendous possibilities for those who are ready and willing to embrace it. I have the fullest confidence that if I do not live long enough to see the realisation of *apartheid*, my descendants will. A pipe dream? Hardly. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, South Africa has no other choice. What is more, *apartheid* is being championed by a Government committed to stand or fall by it—although its present legislative programme seems to indicate the contrary.

I would interpret this apparent digression as a manifestation of the storm before the calm, the darkness before the dawn. I believe it is a passing phase which owes its existence to the resistance of modern Pharaohs, amongst whom I would include those ubiquitous adventurers who glory in fanning the flames of racial unrest, suspicion, and hatred between white and black, and, having adversely implicated the African, complacently board the next aeroplane or boat for home.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Challenge of Television

Sir,—It is not my custom to reply to published criticisms of my work but Mr. Reginald Pound's remarks about the film-programme 'The Challenge of Television' require an answer—not so much on my own behalf but on that of my co-workers on the production, Unesco and the B.B.C.

Certain of his dislikes for the film—and Mr. Pound is by no means alone among television critics in making them—I note. They are fair criticism. What concerns me more is his question: 'What went wrong?' followed by an implication that in some way Unesco was responsible. Let me assure Mr. Pound, and anyone else interested, that at no time during the planning, writing, and production of this film did Unesco, or the B.B.C. for that matter, exercise any irksome restraint or policy directive. I approved the script. If, as Mr. Pound says, it lacked inspiration—if it brought little credit to the B.B.C.—the fault is mainly mine. But there are two further aspects of the matter which require ventilation because they affect television as a whole. What Mr. Pound and some other critics overlooked was that

however 'unlerting' it may have been to them, 'The Challenge of Television' was (a) the first film-programme to be produced co-operatively by television stations throughout the world with participation by government and commercial stations in both capitalist and communist countries; (b) the first such programme to be produced by one broadcasting organisation for re-broadcast throughout the world, again irrespective of commercial, political, or social structure; and (c) the first film-programme built round one theme to which other broadcasting organisations contributed merely elements—all other co-operative ventures have been based on completed programmes, live or filmed, which have been either exchanged or incorporated as such into an overall programme. Rightly or wrongly, this venture was undertaken as a test experience; much has been learnt about the technical difficulties, delays, and bureaucratic complications of such a complicated international collaboration. It has at least proved the validity of such a project because in no other manner could such widely differing material have been assembled.

The second point is one that I touched on

in the introduction to the recent book, *Television in the Making*. Can television as an ephemeral medium afford the time and money for this type of considered documentary film at all? In B.B.C. terms, the manpower effort (but not the cash expenditure) required by 'The Challenge of Television' was greater than that allocated to most of its documentaries but even then it was only about one-fifth of that customarily put into a documentary film not produced under television conditions. Our editor performed a Herculean task upon countless thousands of feet of film and sound tracks which, in normal film-making conditions, would have justifiably taken him five times as much time and double the assistance. But in B.B.C. terms, dictated by its economics, he was given 'luxury'. I can think only of American concerns, such as Mr. Henry Salomon's documentary unit at N.B.C. which produced 'Three-Two-One-Zero', that can provide the professional working conditions of time and money for such considered productions which have a life of more than one television transmission. Mr. Salomon's able team may make two or perhaps three films a year; some members of the team

which produced the technically-complex 'Challenge of Television' were during the same period working on 'Special Enquiries' and 'The World Is Ours' series plus other chores.

So where, Mr. Pound *et al*, we may possibly have 'gone wrong' was in attempting to make this film-programme at all with the production facilities available to us, except for the results achieved of co-operation in television on an unparalleled international scale to date.

Yours, etc.,
PAUL ROTH

London, E.C.4

Aspects of Africa

Sir,—In *THE LISTENER* of August 16 Mr. Stewart Hylton Edwards declared: 'It is notable that, of the principal figures in music in the Union today, all except one are either Jewish or immigrants. Only Arnold van Wyk is an Afrikaner'.

No one could minimise the great contribution to music in South Africa by Jewish musicians and immigrants, but the above statement does not give the true perspective of our musical life: it excludes a number of the most important South African composers like Blanche Gerstman, Hubert du Plessis, Stefans Grové, and John Joubert, all of whom are considered worthy of inclusion in the latest reference works such as *Musik und Musiker der Gegenwart* (German) and *Muzikale Ommegang* (Dutch). Works of both Grové and Joubert were chosen to be performed at the annual international Festival of the I.S.C.M. (in Salzburg and Oslo respectively). Talking of Festivals, it is significant that only the names of Arnold van Wyk, Blanche Gerstman, Hubert du Plessis, Stefans Grové, and John Joubert were mentioned when the special concert of South African music during the coming Johannesburg Festival was advertised.

It should also be mentioned that South Africa has produced a number of outstanding interpretative musicians, well known outside their country, like Cecilia Wessels, Betsy de la Porte, Mimi Coertse (singers), Gideon Fagan, Anton Hartman (conductors), and many others.

Yours, etc.,
G. F. STEGMANN

Stellenbosch

The Gospels and the Rabbis

Sir,—In 'The Gospels and the Rabbis' (*THE LISTENER*, September 6) Professor Daube states that 'Commentators can discover no natural motivation either for Jesus' requests to the disciples to stay awake, or for the serious consequences he draws when they do finally fall asleep'; he then finds what to him is an adequate motivation in a rule governing religious meetings of the time, in which falling asleep was deemed an offence.

This motivation, in which the term 'sleeping' is taken literally, does not appear to me to be very convincing. In other contexts, Professor Daube uses three significant phrases: that a reply of Jesus' 'must contain some esoteric, mysterious doctrine', that 'the usual translation is misleading', and that 'concepts most easily missed are those which are strange to our way of thinking'. These three phrases, applied to the point in question, show where the explanation of Jesus' words in Gethsemane may be found. This explanation has been given by Dr. Maurice Nicoll in his posthumous work *The Mark* (cf. *A New Interpretation of the Gospels* by R. H. Ward in *THE LISTENER*, February 10, 1955) and can be summarised as follows:

Included in the teaching given by Jesus to his disciples must have been a technique for attaining higher states of consciousness, in which it is possible to have mystical insight and to take part intelligently in certain recondite religious rites. Such techniques belong to all religions, at least in their earlier periods (today it is gener-

ally accepted that they form part of the Yoga practices), and it can be assumed that they had also been known to the rabbinic congregations. At the time of Jesus, who after all set out to renew the spirit of religion, which had been smothered under a multitude of laws, the meaning may of course have been lost and the rabbinic rules may already have been understood on a literal level, much as many Bible passages are today. But Jesus, no doubt, would have used the terms in their original esoteric meaning.

According to Dr. Nicoll, the term 'being awake', as used by Jesus, would mean being in a higher state of consciousness, whereas 'being asleep' would mean being in our so-called 'normal' state of awareness in which we have no access to higher understanding. It is plausible to assume that Jesus was distressed to see his disciples revert to this level, in which they could not understand the full significance of the agonising struggle through which he was going in Gethsemane.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey
CHARLES E. SPRAGUE

St. Peter's Denial of Christ

Sir,—I am afraid that both Professor Burnaby and Mr. McPherson have misunderstood my argument—a fault no doubt due to my presentation of it. It was never my intention to suggest that Peter was under express orders to say 'I know not the man'. He was under orders *not* to say 'He is the Christ', and finding himself in a situation in which he might have been put to that very question—not 'inevitably', as Professor Burnaby represents me as arguing, but as an imminent possibility—he safeguarded his orders by telling a white lie, whereas if my critics are right that lie was the blackest of the black and had no accountable reasons or motives whatsoever.

As Professor Burnaby himself argues, Peter had nothing to fear as regards his own safety, or else with all the others he would have been arrested in the Garden, while his alternatively supposed loss of faith is absolutely irreconcilable with his behaviour at the Last Supper, where, if the conventional view is right, his black lies must have already started in gross hypocrisy and deception. We are reduced on the conventional hypothesis to Mr. McPherson's sudden and unaccountable 'loss-of-nerve' theory.

It is very important to emphasise, in considering this, that faith, as theologians define it, is not understanding but willingness to accept supra-rational truths, like the mystery of the Redemption, without understanding, just because faith is fidelity in its original sense—not belief in propositions but trust in a person. That that implicit trust never wavered among the Apostles, despite their foolishness of understanding, must be accepted as a fact or Pentecost is meaningless; for it was then, and not till then, that the light of understanding was bestowed.

As much as defending Peter himself from what seems to me a pitiful misunderstanding I was concerned to defend the credit of the Gospels, for if the customary and, as I think, superficial explanation of Peter's conduct is the right one, the attack from the hostile critics is unanswerable: the episode does not make sense, the crowing of the cock is cheap 'theatre', and the whole incident is devoid of historical plausibility.

When Jesus was led from the Sanhedrin to face Pilate and 'gazed upon Peter' as he passed, then to be in any sense historical that gaze must have been very close to a wink—a mutual exchange of recognition that just as Jesus was on the way to misjudgement at the hands of the authorities, so Peter on a lesser scale, and by reflected shadow, was about to share in his Master's ignominy by misjudgement at the hands of his fellow Christians—and a misjudge-

ment not the less terrible by being perfectly understandable. A less strong character than Peter's might have tempted him to shrink from appearing to 'let his leader down'. But that circumstances would 'before the cock crew' force him to bear for centuries that cross of condemnation was the tragic and semi-comic irony that Jesus foresaw.

The fact, I think, has to be faced, that 'human insufficiency' is not a monopoly of the Apostles. Human beings—churchmen included—grow fond of their errors. Peter's supposed apostasy fills many a useful 'stock' Easter sermon on human insufficiency, and in asking the clergy to rewrite those sermons I knew in advance that I was asking too much!—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3
BERTRAM HENSON

Little Superstitions

Sir,—The Old Testament narrative, in the King James translation, of the Shunamite's child (2-Kings 4) may not be so indicative of the 'blessing of the sneeze' as Mr. G. O. Griffith suggests. In the *Century Bible* Dr. Skinner points out that in the Septuagint (Text B) the words 'and the child sneezed' are wanting, which more naturally connects the 'seven times' with the action of the prophet. Similarly Dr. Moffatt has the translation:

Rising up, Elisha walked to and fro, and then went and stretched himself seven times over the child till it opened its eyes.

Yours, etc.,
HUBERT CARTER

Pollockshields

Journeys in Russia

Sir,—I am told that people listening to my recorded broadcast 'Journeys in Russia' (Home Service, September 12), understood me to say that non-collective farmers in eastern Russia sometimes held a third of an acre of land which is twice as much as the holding allowed them in central Russia.

My reference was to a third of a hectare, and as a hectare is roughly two and a half times the size of an acre the difference is important.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1
MANYA HARARI

China Revisited

(continued from page 411)

stable, unlike that of most of the countries of south-east Asia, and the wages are keeping pace with the cost of living. The general manager of the Fushun mine, which employs 14,000 people, receives less pay than some of his technicians; and an economically privileged class, it seems, has not yet risen in China. Pay depends largely on piece-work. It is, however, in the agricultural areas that the main economic battle is being fought.

Are the people better off than they were before? In the light of my recollection of the past, there can be no possible doubt that they *are*, both materially and psychologically.

Did I enjoy my visit? Emphatically yes: everyone was so pleasant and I felt no hint of anti-foreignism.

Would I like to live under this or any other communist regime? No, I would not. My objection to communism, above all, is to its authoritarian nature; the existence of a 'Communist Bible' which lays down rules for every thing from economics to art I personally find intolerable. Nevertheless, the People's Republic is less oppressive both to soul and body than was the Kuomintang, and in the light of my experience I would say that it is the most stable and popular regime that has existed in China since the Revolution.—Third Programme

The New 'Establishment' in Criticism

The first of two talks by JOHN HOLLOWAY

DURING the last thirty years there has been a revolution in literary criticism. I said 'has been', and that is the point. The revolutionaries—or, as is usual, their sturdy henchmen—are in office. It is therefore time to be careful: this is when revolutionary, emancipatory ideals are silently transformed—and no one notices until a generation later.

A New Pedantry

I am speaking as one who has been a ranker, anyhow, on the victorious side; but a new battle now confronts us. Literary analysis, close reading, 'taking a poem to pieces', talk about imagery, ambiguities, associations, poetic texture—this is the new critical establishment. And we can watch this new establishment changing, in its turn, into a new pedantry; transforming what was once a new and keener and fresher vision into a grinding routine, where one or two skills are operated at the expense of everything else. If I am right about this, there is no need to be surprised: on the contrary. We shall only be watching here the characteristic fate of new ideas forged in the first place by the bigger men as a vital tool for richer living, and then blunted down by the smaller ones to preserve routine security and cosy limitation.

I am going to refer, later in this talk, to passages in the work of several well-known critics where the dangers now confronting us can be seen, I think, in their small beginnings. But this is merely to indicate more or less isolated weak points in work which as a whole has brought us notably forward. These are of interest rather as points of origin for dangers which now occupy the critical climate. How can I hope to diagnose something so intangible? I can do so, perhaps, by referring to two recent experiences of my own. The first is this. Not long ago I went to a meeting of a literary society, and listened to a paper—a skilful one too—analysing a certain poem by Marvell, 'The Definition of Love'. This poem has been regarded as a major one of its century at least since Dr. Leavis wrote of it in detail in the nineteen-thirties. Scores of acutely critical readers, I suppose, have tackled the poem in the last two decades, and have agreed with him about it; now it has begun to be referred to, in the literary guides and histories, as a classic of the period.

This agreement was what the speaker at the meeting wanted to challenge; he analysed the poem anew, and claimed that 'better than Cowley' was the most that could be said for it. He called his paper 'Second Thoughts on Marvell'. What neither he nor anyone in his audience seemed to think of was that, if he was right, 'Second Thoughts on Analysing Poems' were even more urgently called for. Here is a mode of investigation which is widely applied, and by now moreover confidently applied, over a period of twenty years. In a certain case it has given a certain answer many times. Then, one day, it gives almost the opposite. How drastically this would discredit, for example, a method of statistical sampling! I am no kind of scientist, but I believe that something of this kind happened when scientists tried to measure the velocity of light through the ether, on the analogy of a man swimming across a river as against one swimming up and down it. Their hitherto reliable method suddenly gave a wildly odd result. The consequence, in that field, was an absolutely fundamental re-thinking of the whole problem. On the evening I am speaking of, the audience was confronted by this kind of situation: but the need for fundamental re-thinking did not seem to be glimpsed. The well-known, familiar, reliable method was being applied, and it gave a certain result. That was that.

The Need for Concentration

The other experience I have in mind is this. An acquaintance of mine recently said in conversation that criticism of the novel must necessarily be based, in the end, on detailed analysis of a few short extracts: because, he said, 'after all, one must inspect something'. That brings out a central assumption of the whole modern critical technique. The great contemporary discovery, or re-discovery in criticism, is that any worth-while critical opinion must spring from concentration of the whole mind on the object. Vague impressions, worked-up emotional responses,

simply will not do. Of course not. But there was a concealed yet vital assumption behind that remark about inspecting something: that one could only inspect, only concentrate the whole mind on, the short passage taken, as it were, word by word.

We ought, at this point, to remember how practical criticism developed historically. In large part it emerged with the detailed rediscovery of Donne, the Metaphysicals, and Hopkins; and also with Richards' famous set of short poems in his book *Practical Criticism*. In such poems as these, the things we may find in longer works barely will have time to develop; on the other hand, a single image may pervade a short poem from beginning to end. Again, short poems invite complexity of texture, because it is easy to read them several times over before one understands them. This is the field in which 'close reading' was learnt. But now we assume that it is relevant, and indeed decisive, everywhere: that the narrative work, for example, raises no fundamentally new problem. We think it is still the old choice between inspecting verbal texture, and inspecting nothing at all. What an odd view, once you look at it!

My two experiences prove nothing, but what they do, I hope, is bring out the way in which a critical system is rigidifying all around us. Here is the new 'establishment': it turns up in after-dinner conversation, on the railway bookstall, in the sixth-former's homework, at the teacher's weekend conference.

Poetic Texture

Now to get closer to what it is that is being taken for granted. First of all, the new establishment has a certain general notion of the poetic texture. The points of origin of this are now familiar. There is T. S. Eliot writing of Marvell's 'succession of concentrated images', or of his 'wit fused into imagination'; or Eliot's essay on Massinger with the well-known 'words perpetually juxtaposed in new and sudden combinations'; a little later, there is Dr. Leavis writing about Eliot himself: 'psychological subtleties and complexities in imagery of varied richness and marvellously sure realisation. The whole body of the words seems to be used'. These are simply pointers towards the now received ideas.

This received idea brings with it two assumptions. In the first place, that poetic texture of this close kind is a decisive merit; not just a quality, one kind of writing; not even, at least sometimes, a mere minor embellishment; but a sure winner every time. And on the other hand, if it is absent, the poem is in the dock straight away. These notions are now so much taken for granted that it is hard not to see them as self-evident truths. Yet it has not always been like that. Walter Bagehot, writing nearly 100 years ago, saw in Milton's verse much the qualities seen in it by some modern critics. 'We have a superficial complexity in illustration and imagery and metaphor', he said, 'and in contrast with it a latent simplicity of idea'; or again, 'the words of some writers are said to have "hands and feet"; they seem, that is, to have a vigour and animation which belong only to things which live and move. Milton's words have not this animal life'. Bagehot, however, saw himself here as engaged in literary diagnosis; not in evaluation. Milton's verse lacked this—what a modern critic has called 'muscular quality'—because it was verse of another kind. Here we may, or may not, have a valid account of 'Paradise Lost'; I think, in fact, that we have not. But what is at issue is that Bagehot did not see his comment as condemnation. Too many of us today would think that of course it was.

As a matter of historical fact, a taste for 'tentacular roots' did not grow up from an exclusive concern for good poems, but largely from a more ambitious and wide-ranging interest: for general cultural health. Mr. Eliot's admiration for the new and sudden combinations in the verse of Tournier and Middleton is in the context of his reference to 'a period of high development of the senses, a development of the English language which we have perhaps never equalled'. I dare scarcely venture, myself, to use those ambitious categories of thought. Yet, I wonder: might such an extraordinary development sometimes work as a kind of hypertrophy of language; one that could, as it were, swamp a poem? That is very much what Arnold said did happen in a good deal of Elizabethan, even Shakespearean, verse. Again, he may or may

not have been right: but to recall his view opens up a question which was being closed for us; by now, I fear, not for given poems individually, but on general grounds. No attention at this exact point can, in present conditions, be too sharp, too stringent. When we discover a new refinement of texture, we need to ask always whether this actually makes the poem any better; and, if it does, whether it makes it much better or only a little.

Two Kinds of Critical Defect

An insufficiently sharp recognition of this has led to two different kinds of critical defect. One is stressing the small point as if it were a large one; and the other, arguing as if subtle poetic texture were something you could not have too much of. There is a passage in one of Dr. Leavis' books which neatly illustrates the first of these points: it may be right as it stands, but the reader has to think quickly if it is not to lead him into error. This passage is about Lady Macbeth's words of welcome to the king as she receives him at her castle:

All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house . . .

In that word 'contend', says Dr. Leavis, we feel an unusual physical force, related ultimately to the implicit image of a 'full-flowing and irresistible river' which is 'realising' the conventional metaphor of the king as the fountain of honour. Let us concede, for the moment, that this piece of analysis is complete and accurate. The question remains: how much better does it make the actual passage? How much more shall we value that, enjoy it, feel that it contributes notably to the play, because the metaphor of the king as fountain of honour is incipient in it? To my mind, not much. But when Dr. Leavis goes on to speak of Shakespeare's 'marvellously sure and subtle control' here—something that manifests his 'genius' as much as his most striking imagery does—a distinction has to be made. We have to notice how exactly Dr. Leavis has expressed himself. If this means that here Shakespeare displays, in passing as it were, a power which elsewhere really does bring marvellous results, all right. But we certainly ought not to jump to the conclusion that this is marvellous poetry itself, or wonderfully illuminates the play, because of the incipiently realised metaphor. This would be, as I said earlier; to take the presence of one quality of poetry as a routine guarantee of superlative merit. Yet how often do critics today diagnose this kind of texture, and then merely assume, or dogmatically assert, that the poem is outstandingly good? If this goes much further, we may have a divorce between genuine poetic merit and mere complex texture just as rigid and stultifying as the divorce in minor criticism of a generation or so back between genuine poetic merit and 'verbal music'.

Almost everyone nowadays has reacted from the other defect I spoke of: the cult of unlimited complexity—what one might call the 'more-the-merrier' school. But this reaction, for the most part, is justified by a vague standard of what is reasonable: one must not be extravagantly ingenious. That misses the point. There is usually a much more powerful argument against the over-ingenious critic. Consider some lines from Marvell's poem 'The Garden':

Meanwhile the Mind, from pleasures less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Doth strait its own resemblance find.

A good while ago now, Professor Empson discussed these lines; and he argued, among other things, that 'from pleasures less' meant not only 'from smaller pleasures', but also that the mind itself grew less, grew smaller, from its pleasures (I think he said that country pleasures made the poet less intellectual). Further, the word 'strait' did not only mean 'at once', it also meant 'closely packed together' in the mind, which was, after all, a little world, a microcosm. Both these, I believe, illustrate an undue confidence in the idea that complexity guarantees merit. For the idea of mind as ocean is a prominent one in those lines; it protrudes; and how inept Marvell would have been to say that something made the mind shrink, and then go straight on to liken it to an ocean! What ineptitude, again, for him to say that it is like an ocean, and go straight on to say that things are closely, straitly packed together in it! These complexities would not make the lines better, but worse; they would wreck them. The critic is offending here, not against some vague general idea of what is reasonable but against the

poem; which by that word 'ocean', forbids these interpretations; forbids them stringently and directly.

One may generalise. A poem may include a wealth of meanings; it also, just as much, excludes a wealth of other meanings. The main part of the close reader's task is to be conscious of what poems do not mean. But this now goes almost unrecognised; because complexity itself, once an exciting discovery, has become a routine object of search, almost the only thing we know how to look for.

Almost the only thing: perhaps that is the most important point of all. As against the full variety of literature itself, the present critical establishment often seems to move, as if by inner necessity, towards a narrower and narrower range of interests. Here I must be brief and crudify and caricature, but behind this caricature there is an impoverishing reality. An early example of this narrowing-down occurs even in Mr. Wilson Knight's *Wheel of Fire*—even, that is, in one fructifying source-book of the modern movement. In discussing the plays 'Julius Caesar' and 'Macbeth', Mr. Knight notices, rightly, certain 'imaginative similarities'. 'Imaginative', notice; a word apt for the full range of the literary impact. But this, he goes on, will be evident to us only if we are 'submerged in the poetic quality of the plays'. Can 'imaginative' thus suffer a reduction-process, without comment, to 'poetic'? No. But the process is not yet over. The reference to poetic quality leads Mr. Knight straight on to poetic symbolism or imagery; as if poetry were the same as symbolism and imagery.

The point I am getting at is that Mr. Knight's discussion, while preserving an air of comprehensiveness, is really becoming narrower and narrower. And when one reads, 'The word "blood" or "bloody" appears seventeen times in Act III Scene 1 alone', one can see, if I may put it this way, the full scale of the narrowness ultimately threatening us. All this, remember, in the context of a classic first chapter which offers to open the reader's eyes to wide fields which he was blind to before.

Another, later, and clearer example may be seen in an essay by Mr. Traversi on the proper way to read and criticise Shakespeare. This comes in Volume 2 of the recent *Pelican Guide to English Literature*. Mr. Traversi begins his essay by saying (what is already controversial in the extreme) that with Shakespeare's early plays—not, the passage implies, with his others—we ought to begin by looking first at the occasional striking turn of phrase or individual word. From this it is natural, he says, to pass to the run of the verse expanding into images; images 'which are eventually seen to bear significant repetition . . . (and) form a more subtle and suggestive unity'; though he notes, much in passing, that character and action are 'correspondingly developed' as well. But in the next sentence, Mr. Traversi virtually drops these qualifying remarks: 'To proceed from the word to the image in its verse setting, and thence to trace the way in which a pattern of interdependent themes is gradually woven into the dramatic action, is the most fruitful approach'. This fruitful approach, which was offered at first for the early plays, now seems related to what he calls 'Shakespeare's art' generally. It is, in fact, the method which Mr. Traversi uses himself whenever he writes about Shakespeare. So, with nothing more than this most perfunctory discussion about method, we find ourselves committed to a method which commits the critic to look mainly at one thing: the image-pattern.

I shall have a little to say about image-patterns in my second talk. What I have tried to do here is to suggest how the now dominant critical system is threatening to rigidify, to freeze silently up on us. I am afraid that I am still not at the sharpest of our present critical dangers. But next time I shall get there.—*Third Programme*

'The age in which we live is (as I daresay every age has seemed at the time) so overflowing with absurdity that it defies mockery'. So writes the editor of *Punch*, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, in his foreword to *The Pick of Punch* (Deutsch, 15s.). Nevertheless, with Mr. Muggeridge's inspiration, *Punch* is facing the challenge fearlessly; it must have plenty of admirers and not even its most infuriated readers could fairly accuse it of being dull. The present selection—consisting of articles as well as illustrations—has been edited by Mr. Nicolas Bentley, and forms a lively social commentary on our times. Another book in the same line of country is *A Century of Punch* (Heinemann, 30s.) containing 1,000 humorous drawings. 'It does not purpose to be a social history', the editor, Mr. R. E. Williams, says in his preface. 'The compilation is for fun'. The book is divided into sections ('People at Work . . . or nearly!', 'Country Life and Leisure', 'One for the Road', and so on), and on each subject the reader may see the fashion in humour, the fashion in drawing, changing through the years. Both books would make good presents.

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

EVEN those who find, as I do, that child art is boring except when one knows the artist (it's like amateur theatricals) should not fail to visit this year's *Sunday Pictorial* exhibition of children's art, now at the Royal Institute. The point of going there is to see the prize-winning drawings by Ralph Wardle. These drawings, which have a certain kinship of style with Beaux-Arts Gallery realism, are remarkable by any standards. How remarkable it is difficult to say, because, once one knows that the artist is sixteen, it is almost impossible not to make allowances for his youth. What can be said with certainty is that the best of these drawings are no mere tokens of exceptional promise but distinguished works of art in their own right.

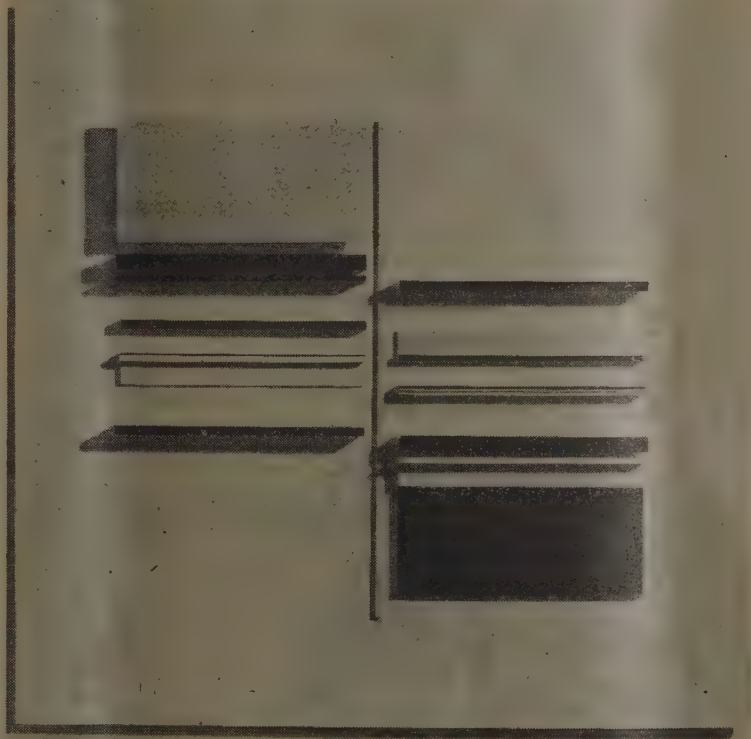
The one complete composition among them is no good. The quality comes out in the sheets of studies. Their most distinctive and most constant merit is the wonderfully dynamic way in which the several studies of particular object are related to one another on the page. The individual studies tend to be uneven: in the sheet of self-portraits some of the drawings are clumsy and those which are most accomplished tend towards the *cliché*. The sheet of studies of a dog is the one that is altogether amazing. The surface-pattern—both of each separate study and of the sheet as a whole—is beautiful and alive. As description the studies are acutely accurate. Over all there is a rare intensity of vision, a feeling of and for life.

If Wardle's drawings are adult in one way, an adult element of a quite different and less attractive kind seems in evidence among the more conventional exhibits here. I mean the influence of the teacher's tastes and obsessions upon the art-work of his or her pupils. Wondering to what extent this might be operative, I looked at my catalogue to see whether two stylistically similar paintings were by the same child or by two different children at the same school. It transpired that they were by two girls at the same school. I then tried to identify further paintings from this school in this section of the exhibition (the eight to eleven age-group). I attributed five more paintings to the school: I was right in every case, and in every case the artist was different. There were three paintings from the school which I failed to ascribe to it. The experiment was repeated with two other schools and gave similar results.

So high a proportion of correct guesses is surely significant, however small the sample. It is commonly argued in favour of modern methods of teaching art that they make for freer self-expression on the child's part than the old methods did. But they also allow for freer self-expression on the teacher's part than the old methods did—a self-expression which uses the child as a vehicle, a willing enough

vehicle, doubtless without the teacher's realising how much of himself or herself the children are putting into their work. Whether this is a good or a bad thing I am not qualified to say. I merely think we should recognise that a child is not necessarily expressing itself when it composes a bold, bright picture out of its head, and that in some ways it is more free to express itself, and not someone else, through the medium of a carefully shaded drawing of a cup and saucer.

The I.C.A. has an exhibition of original drawings for *New Yorker* cartoons. The main interest in seeing these designs as drawn is a technical one. The one cartoonist whose work looks appreciably better in the original than in reproduction is Thurber: there is a tenderness in his line that print only fractionally preserves. As to humour, there are many funny things here, but none funnier than the catalogue preface in which American humour is explained by an American lady without any sense of humour that is evident. Here she is on Charles Addams: 'The loving and sympathetic human being is given no place in his macabre universe and yet, perhaps, the very denial of such souls may make us more aware of the need . . . Characteristically, he works with a smooth dark wash and india ink. The outlines are broad and facile as if to invite our participation in this disturbing, fascinating world'.



Relief painting in white, black and brown, 1956, by Victor Pasmore, from the exhibition at Tooth's

The second exhibition in Messrs. Tooth's series, 'Critic's Choice', has been put together by Herbert Read. Sir Herbert has often been charged with being over-eclectic in his tastes, but in making his choice he has shown an extreme consistency of taste. It is not only that he has committed himself to abstraction. It is also that he has picked on artists with a curiously uniform taste in colours and shapes. They are Ben Nicholson, Victor Pasmore, William Scott, Terry Frost, Patrick Heron, Alan Davie, and Peter Kinley. To Davie the generalisations that follow do not apply.

These artists show a liking for pale, misty colours—greys, greyed-down blues and greens, pale browns, dirty whites. They like to leave large areas of the picture-surface empty, enlivening them with variations of texture. They like straight lines, or curves which resemble unsuccessful attempts to draw straight lines freehand. They like to contrast rectangles with thin straight strips or a series of stripes. Their compositions are often suggestive of beaches, cliffs, the sea, and a fresh clean breeze blowing in from the sea.

In short, we have here a distinctly English kind of romantic painting in whose pedigree the name of Paul Nash crops up more than once. The prime value of this exhibition is that it is not merely a personal anthology but, perhaps unwittingly, the revelation of an entire spontaneous trend.



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Louis XV: The Monarchy in Decline

By G. P. Gooch. Longmans. 25s.

IF MADAME DE POMPADOUR really did say, as her confidential maid Madame du Hausset records her as saying, '*après nous le déluge*', and if she meant by the remark what she is usually taken to have meant, then she was more perceptive than most of the *entourage* of Louis XV. It is only in retrospect that the age seems over-shadowed by the gathering clouds of the French Revolution, and the eighteenth century has suffered more than most eras from the anachronistic sort of treatment which insists that it was the prelude to something else, rather than a lifetime of men and women. It was, as Dr. Gooch describes it, a time when the French monarchy—and indeed the whole regime of enlightened despotism in Europe—was in rapid decline. The men responsible for governing France were conscious enough of their intractable difficulties, but the fortunes and even the survival of monarchy had never been easy or certain, and they had no reason to expect that its end was so imminent. They did the best they could, as rulers are apt to do, and if their best seems now not to have been very good that is because the king himself was so deficient in statesmanship and because we know the disasters for which they were heading.

It is the chief merit of Dr. Gooch's latest addition to his studies of eighteenth-century despots, the successor to his lively studies of Frederick the Great, Catherine the Great, and Maria Theresa, that it never loses sight of these facts. Because he knows so thoroughly and uses so generously (yet critically) the rich sources of memoirs of the period, he is able to present the events of the time through contemporary eyes: and they saw mainly the wayward *amours* of a weak-willed king; the constant intrigues of ambitious courtiers, the tortuous diplomatic manoeuvres of the French court in Europe, but only now and then, in moments of great insight, the worm in the wood of the gilded beams.

Dr. Gooch's method has the defects of its merits. It gives a clearer picture of the court than of the country as a whole, of the personalities than of the historical forces at work. Details of courtly intrigue and diplomatic subtlety are liable to be tedious in the telling, and the reader is often rescued from boredom only by the perceptive generalisation and the neat phrase. Much of the story is familiar enough. But the author's knowledge of his theme is so wide, and his use of sources so refined by experience, that he offers, in the end, a scholarly and useful survey of the whole great era between the death of Louis XIV and the American Revolution: an era when Voltaire and Rousseau began to reign more effectively than the Bourbons or their mistresses. It marked a change of attitude to the monarchy which the octogenarian Marshal-Richelieu, sole survivor of the court of Louis XIV, summed up neatly for Louis XVI. 'Under Louis XIV no one dared say a word. Under Louis XV people spoke in whispers. Under Your Majesty they talk out loud'. Dr. Gooch tells us what they whispered about.

The Russian Novel in English Fiction

By Gilbert Phelps. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

This book is a study of the reception in England and to a lesser degree in America of the Russian novel in translation and of the influence of Russian novelists on English and American

writers. As Mr. Phelps points out in his preface, he pays much more attention to Turgenev than to other Russian authors, whose treatment he admits to be 'unsatisfactorily sketchy'. This is a valid piece of self-criticism. Indeed, Turgenev has actually received much more space than all other Russian novelists put together, and the more Mr. Phelps tries to justify this in the text by pointing out that Turgenev is the 'novelists' novelist' and by other pieces of special pleading, the less convinced one becomes that such a lop-sided arrangement is justified. He would have done better either to have devoted the whole book to Turgenev or to have written a longer and more balanced work.

This complaint having been stated, it is now possible to praise a very useful handbook. The approach is scholarly and businesslike, and the style (apart from some inept chapter headings) pleasantly free from the chattiness, gushing, and gaucherie which have disfigured so much English criticism of Russian authors. Mr. Phelps shows a welcome awareness of the sinister part played by insensitive translation in influencing the fate of Russian novels in England, where, as he well says, 'various contortions and oddities of expression . . . contributed to the Russian atmosphere vibrations and mystifications that were quite extraneous'. The astonishing thing, however, is to find him suggesting that this ceased to be the case with the advent of the Garnett translations on which this particular sentence might have served as such a just epitaph.

As is appropriate to the central position which it occupies, the impact of Turgenev is especially well described. His work contained a 'moral' element for which many of his near contemporaries from George Eliot to Henry James and Conrad were seeking, and which they did not find in the writings of the French Naturalist School. The more intense moral preoccupations of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky made them at first too highly seasoned a dish for the British literary palate; the time came of course when they were devoured in gulps productive, particularly in the case of Dostoevsky, of a 'fever' which Mr. Phelps describes in much the same spirit as does Miss Dorothy Brewster in her *East-West Passage*. Despite the 'sketchy' treatment of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Chekhov, and Gorky, some wise and stimulating comments are made in the sections on these authors, and it is indeed to be hoped that Mr. Phelps will one day redress the balance, as he suggests in his preface that he may, by treating them more fully in a separate study.

Interval in Indo-China. By Andrew Graham. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

Until relatively recently, when it became one of the 'hot' spots in the cold war and attracted world attention accordingly, Indo-China was little more than a name to most Englishmen. Even now, the number of books on it written in English is extremely limited. For this reason, if for no other, Colonel Graham's volume is welcome, though it makes no pretence to be more than a collection of personal impressions by a British officer seconded to Saigon from 1952 to 1954 as Assistant Military Attaché. Of the war then raging there, he purposely says nothing; nor does he attempt to deal with the political situation, although clearly he was in a position to throw valuable light both on the military operations and on the political developments

taking place during those two crucial years if he had felt free to do so. In spite, however, of the unsettled condition of the country, he was able, during periods of leave, to travel extensively, not only in little-known parts of the three provinces now known collectively as Vietnam but also in Laos and Cambodia. It is of his impressions gained during these visits, written largely in humorous but observant vein, that he now tells us.

Whether describing his experiences on river patrol or with the Foreign Legion in Annam, his attendance at the ritual dances at the Courts of the Kings of Laos and Cambodia or his visit to north-west Tonkin (where he saw the tragic field of Dien Bien Phu, but rather tantalisingly says 'I cannot write of it now'), he gives interesting glimpses of what he saw and sympathetic character sketches of the soldiers and civilians, both native and foreign, he encountered. Perhaps his best chapters are those dealing with his visit to Angkor and its gigantic temples, lost for centuries in the jungle and only rediscovered a hundred years ago. Like others who have seen them, he was profoundly moved by their vastness and magnificence, and he sums up their discovery in the last century by remarking that in magnitude it must have been 'a little like coming upon an entire Oxford or Cambridge, uninhabited and lost in the jungle for five or six hundred years'.

The Negro Family in British Guiana

By Raymond T. Smith.

Routledge. 28s.

With his first published book Mr. Smith, who is now a Research Fellow of the University College of the West Indies in Jamaica, has made a quite important contribution to the study of family organisation in general and in particular to that of Negroes in the New World. As has been reported from a number of areas in and around the Caribbean, and also in part from the southern United States, poor Negro families appear very unstable when compared with the standards of the white middle class. Even among the permanent conjugal unions quite a large proportion are not legitimised ('common law' marriages); a considerable number of children are born before these unions are set up, and there is little or no stigma or disadvantage for mother or child in such cases; women, as mothers or grandmothers, are the most stable elements in the household, and often hold the chief authority in it; men, as husbands and fathers, seem to play a relatively insignificant role. On the basis of these facts, a number of theories have been erected: the Caribbean Negro family is a derivation from African polygyny or 'matriarchy'; the family is a result of the degradation of ancestral slavery; the conditions demonstrate Negro promiscuity and irresponsibility, with all the political derivatives of such a statement.

Mr. Smith has corrected this picture and added to our information by a field study which is, within its limits, extremely meticulous and thorough. He spent a year in one large Negro village (1,727 inhabitants) on the coast land of British Guiana, and two shorter periods in two slightly smaller villages; for the large village 'August Town' and one of the two smaller villages he made a complete census with an analysis of the composition of every household; for the third village his household census is not quite complete, but the sample which he could take showed that the identified patterns were

valid for this community also; consequently all his statements of family composition can be given in absolute percentages and his arguments derived therefrom have a firm statistical base.

He introduces one new term, 'matrifiliation', to indicate the prime importance of the mother-child relationship, in contrast to lineal descent, which stresses the child's relation to some man—the father in patrilineal, the mother's brother in matrilineal kinship systems. He also elaborates the concept of the diachronic development of family organisation; the composition of a household inevitably changes over time, and, in Negro Guiana, in fairly predictable ways. A woman will stay in the parental home until she finds a man—husband or 'keeper'—able and willing to set up a separate house for her; while her children are young, so that she cannot trade on her own account, there is likely to be a permanent male in the house; but when the woman gets her freedom of movement again the male may well move elsewhere, leaving the woman as head of the household; and she may well raise her daughters' first children as if they were her own. Old men, but very seldom old women, may end up solitary. Concubinage may be a prelude to 'common law' marriage; and this in turn may be subsequently solemnised in church. The setting up of a separate house, and even more a formal wedding with a childless girl, demand a quite considerable expense.

In the matrifiliated family the male, as husband and father (not, it should be emphasised, as son), has a relatively insignificant role. Mr. Smith would account for this by examining the total 'multi-racial' society of British Guiana, and the rest of the Caribbean. In these multi-racial societies status is primarily ascribed by physical characteristics, the Negroes having the lowest status; consequently, apart from the ambitious few who 'improve' themselves, low-class Negro fathers do not give their wives or children status; their only formal contribution to the family is cash from wages, since the pattern of family enterprises, such as farming, has not been developed; and to earn these wages the greater number of them have to go some distance away, to plantations or mines, for considerable periods of time. From his own evidence Mr. Smith would appear to undervalue very considerably the importance of the necessary absence of the males in the development of the matrifiliated family; none of his census figures or tables show how many of his households had temporarily absent wage-earners; but this is perhaps a 'psychological' consideration, and Mr. Smith eschews anything verging on the 'psychological' or 'cultural' as if it were literally tainted. It is possibly for the same reason that in his account of kinship relations he is so nearly completely silent on affinal relationships; on the basis of his evidence one would expect that the bonds between a man's wife on the one hand and his mother and sisters on the other would have received quite a lot of elaboration.

It is perhaps unnecessary to stress that Mr. Smith is a rigorous member of the 'British' school of anthropology. Professor Meyer Fortes contributes an appreciative foreword; and this study does considerable credit to both teacher and former pupil.

A Crackle of Thorns. By Sir Alec Seath Kirkbride. Murray. 21s.

In the darkening crisis of our relations with the Arab countries this unassuming record of long service in Palestine and Jordan is of topical as well as human interest. Sir Alec Kirkbride does not write to instruct or to advocate a cause. The episodes he has selected from a rich store of memories deal with the grim as well as the pleasant aspects of an official's life and, incidentally, they throw much light on the Arab

character. They do not, however, supply an answer to the paradox that personal friendships between Englishmen and Arabs, and devoted service given by many Englishmen to Arab causes, have had so little effect on the political attitude of the Arab states. The writer tells us that his affection for this 'volatile people' has survived the strains of time, but his affection is not uncritical. Indignation at the brutal murder of King Abdullah of Jordan evokes a characteristic comment: 'One of the principal reasons for the popularity of political crime in the Arab world is the bad habit those in authority have of commuting death sentences for political murders to life imprisonment, with the knowledge that the guilty man will, sooner or later, be released under the terms of some amnesty'. In this case, nevertheless, the sentences were carried out 'much to everyone's surprise'.

In contrast to the tragedy of King Abdullah's death there is pure comedy in an account of The Mad Hatter's Tea Party, a meeting during the war with Israel, at which the heads of the Arab governments discussed the situation. At the suggestion that the Egyptian troops not then engaged in fighting should stage an attack 'the Egyptian Military Adviser looked horrified and said hastily, "Good God, no, we cannot attack; the Jews might attack us in turn!"' Calm and confidence were restored when the Syrian representative promised to send immediately a whole infantry division to fight on the battlements of Jerusalem. Everyone present knew that no such division was available, but the Syrian's rhetoric was received with loud cheers and applause, and Jerusalem was dismissed as saved.

Sir Alec was fortunate in acquiring a mastery of Arabic as a schoolboy in Egypt: it is, nevertheless, permissible to query the identification of the Koranic 'Iram of the Pillars' with Wadi Rumm east of Aqaba; there is really no case for it either linguistically or in tradition.

The Boy and his Needs

By Erich Meissner. Macdonald. 18s.

Dr. Meissner, an active enemy of the Nazi regime, came to this country in 1934 and is now the Warden of Gordonstoun School. His view of the contemporary scene reflects a refreshing detachment from fashionable and transient opinion; a detachment which, perhaps, springs from the torments and conflicts of his background, and which is enriched by the width of his erudition.

The book is written with a kind of diffuse vehemence which at first charms but soon infuriates. Dr. Meissner ranges widely over the limitless plains of his philosophical attitudes and beliefs, and those of many others. Only now and then, it seems, he remembers guiltily what the book is supposed to be about. Three and a half pages from the end, he justly remarks: 'We have been travelling "over the hills and far away"', and now that the journey's end is within sight the question will perhaps be asked: What are the practical conclusions? One feels that, in spite of the wisdom which then follows, the question should have been asked, and answered, a little sooner.

But it would be wrong to dismiss this disappointing book with the same sort of peremptory condemnation which the writer has meted out to Karl Barth, St. Augustine, Professor Richardson, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Garbett, and other strange bed-fellows. If there is too much wrapping, there is also good food. Insofar as the main theme may be discerned, it is that '... the most supreme value must be attributed to the friendship between man and boy'. And this theme is sometimes developed in terms which are capable of being

misjudged. But there is no sentimentality in the fierce condemnation of the 'modern social-engineers'. 'Contempt of man' he says, 'is in the air'. Nor are fire and truth lacking here: 'Modern boys are well trained' (physically), 'well-fed, rather poorly taught, and emotionally half-starved. They are never left to themselves. All the time there is somebody who wants to push them in this or that direction. Consequently they have lost the desire to be alone'.

Dr. Meissner talks plain sense about physical training, pornography, cinemas, comics, and the attitude to sex. There is a charmingly naive suggestion that 'boys should study in order to learn the art of concentration. This... will enable them to become worthy lovers'. Dr. Meissner is on the side of the angels, but he does not permit us to hear the faintest rustle of a pinion.

Is there, perhaps, a suspicion of the scratch of a familiar hoof in the second paragraph on page 148?

The Funny Bone. By J. Maclaren-Ross.

Elek. 15s.

Weekly-sippers, *Punch*-addicts especially, will need no other recommendation to *The Funny Bone* than the statement that it is a collection of Mr. Maclaren-Ross' critical, satirical, and humorous pieces, together with a number of short stories. The whole is divided into three sections, consisting respectively of Parodies, Short Stories, and Miscellaneous. With respect to the first, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge has described the author as 'the best living parodist', and on the strength of his present showing it would be difficult to deny the title. Mr. Maclaren-Ross is not, however, the sort of 'gentle parodist' whose pawky lucubrations go to swell so many morocco-bound volumes of Victorian Comic Prose and Verse. Anything further removed from the gentle it would be difficult to imagine; and (perhaps needless at this date to say) he does not indulge in that sort of false parody which merely consists in perverting the *wording* of the original.

His method is to invent a plot for a short story (but such a plot as his victim himself might have invented, in a weak moment, on an off day), and serve it up in a style in which a deadly accurate ear for his victim's idiosyncrasies is compounded with a total lack of charity towards his failings. There is indeed a sort of vicious precision about some of the results which verges on the uncanny—a precision, in fact, which alone can justify the viciousness it serves. Good writing, of course, even on a humble level, can never be spoiled or exposed by parody; but to the literary bogus, the inflated, the mock-simple, the pseudo-tough, Mr. Maclaren-Ross brings the weapons of an avenging angel. Messrs. P. G. Wodehouse and Raymond Chandler, for instance, emerge from the experience illuminated but unscarred: but on other occasions the dull thud of fist on flesh, the victim's agonised *Owch!*, are only too clearly audible, and it is a safe bet that the assailant will never again (if ever before) find himself in the drawing-rooms of Miss Nancy Mitford, or of Messrs. Isherwood, Rattigan, or Shute.

Parody indeed infiltrates into much of the two remaining sections. The miscellaneous articles at the end are mostly of a satirical nature, and mostly concerned with the absurder aspects of art-as-commerce—literature regarded not as a pleasing, instructive, and delightful quintessence of life set in ordered language, but as a straight business undertaking, like share-pushing or toffee-pulling. Much the same might be said of the short stories. Mr. Maclaren-Ross has obviously been too often accused of not writing 'real' short stories, and so takes cover under a couple of epigraphs:

What, after all, is a short story? No one, as far as I know, has as yet come up with an adequate inclusive answer.—JOHN P. MARQUAND

A short story is a short story.—JOYCE CARVY

But one might also point out to Mr. Maclaren-Ross that 'a short story is a short story', and that many of his pieces fail to fall under this head. This is a mere matter of terms, however; and if in fact most of these items are really autobiographical snippets, that makes no odds to the enjoyment of them. The reader may particularly fancy the wickedly satirical portrait of one of our contemporaries under the sobriquet of Tenebroso; and the sinisterly truthful account of the writer's misfortunes on the fringes of 'film'.

A few of the stories are serious, however, and seem less successful. The principle is common enough; most people will have noticed how a radio or variety mimic, after having most successfully assumed a dozen voices not his own, will finally speak in *propria persona* in a badly articulated and common sort of way. Mr. Maclaren-Ross's serious writing is of course not at a comparative low level: but in 'The Bird Man', for instance (a story which he describes as his own favourite), he will use phrases, like 'the birds that were his pride and joy' or 'a heavy oaken door', that Mr. Maclaren-Ross the parodist would pounce upon with malicious glee. Perhaps it is the old case of the clown who really fancies himself as a writer of tragedies: at any rate it would seem as if this author would be better advised to continue exploiting his rich vein rather than his poor one.

The Structure of the Ottoman Dynasty

By A. D. Alderson. Oxford. 80s.

The author of this book says it is a work of synthesis in which there is little that is strictly original. It is a synthesis of the best kind, bringing together the results of highly specialised research on the different aspects of a fascinating subject and presenting them so briefly and so lucidly that they cannot fail to interest, not only students in many different fields, but the general reader as well. The subject is the institutions of the House of Osman, which ruled the Ottoman Turks for six and a half centuries, from 281 to 1924, and which ruled, moreover, in unbroken succession in the male line without recourse to any relation more distant than brother, nephew, or first cousin.

The author's purpose in studying the institutions is to throw light on this 'dynastic longevity', for which the usual explanation, the practice of polygamy, is wholly inadequate. He shows that the chief features of the dynasty were, on the one hand, the absence of a fixed system of succession and, on the other, the development of special and remarkable conventions by means of which the dangers of having no fixed succession might be circumvented. In the first 300 years, though the succession went in practice from father to son, no rule of primogeniture was established, the strongest or the luckiest son succeeding in a free or all. In this period, by the convention called the Law of Fratricide, the other sons suffered death; and it was by this means that the dangers of civil war, and of the fragmentation of the empire, though not avoided, were considerably reduced. Early in the seventeenth century, succession from father to son gave way to succession by the eldest surviving male relative, a reversion to the original or tribal practice, and the Law of fratricide gave way to an even more remarkable invention, the 'Kafes' system. These remained in force until the end, though the 'Kafes' system was relaxed after 1800 and largely abandoned after 1850.

Under this system all the sons of a Sultan

were removed to cages or kiosks on his death. They remained there, treated as prisoners and denied any education, till they died or inherited the throne; they went back to the cage if, having inherited, they were deposed. They were allowed a harem, but the women were sterilised and any children born to them despite this precaution were killed at birth. Life in the cages greatly reduced, moreover, the virility of those who did become Sultan. They were either impotent or had feeble children who died young. The change from the Law of Fratricide to the 'Kafes' thus helped to perpetuate the system of eldest male succession. Between 1566 and 1839, 115 sons of a Sultan died without children because of the cage system or their children's early death. The 'Kafes' also produced, not surprisingly, Sultans who were at best psychopathological cases, unfitted to rule; so that, whatever the system may have done towards preserving the rule of the House of Osman and the unity of the Turkish Empire, it offers a perfect example of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

This suggests that the longevity of the House of Osman, though not due to polygamy, is not to be wholly explained, either, by the conventions of the House. The author explains how the absence of a definite law of succession was partly due to the fact that, though there was a great loyalty to the House among the ruled, there was also a strong sentiment that the ruler were at liberty to choose or depose whom they would within the royal family. If the result, so far as the succession went, was a compromise between the hereditary and the elective principles, the fact that the House survived this compromise, and the effects of the conventions through which it found expression, was probably due most of all to the political balance that was struck between the House and the Janissaries and palace cliques who really ruled, deposing the Sultan as they wished and, before the establishment of eldest male succession, choosing the successor. Mr. Alderson says too little about this side of the subject. On the powers and the functions in government of the ruler and of those with whom he shared authority, for example, he does no more than drop occasional remarks; and some of these, such as his references to the 'democratic spirit' of the sultanate, seem odd in their context. But this is tantamount to complaining that he has not written a longer book or to hoping that he will follow this one up.

Collins Guide to Roses

By Bertram Park. Collins. 25s.

Hardly a year goes by without the appearance of a guide to roses; all the latest hybrid teas; how to dung and spray them; how to prune them to produce fewer and larger roses, and how to exhibit them. The exhibitionism of those reverend Victorians, the reverend D'Ombraid and the very reverend Canon Hole has changed the rose from a flowering shrub into a Cut Flower, a subject of interior decorators and an industry. All this competition of 'wired roses' in 'specially scheduled boxes', 'gracefully arranged within a circular outline' produces yearly a spate of new roses. Too often their poor stamina or a change in fashion lands them before long on the bonfire, forgotten and to be replaced in their turn with newer roses.

But Mr. Bertram Park's book is different. True he tells us how to cultivate and exhibit, and the photograph of his garden 'before a big show, with bloom protectors in position' looks more like an army under canvas than an English garden. Nor does he include among the lavish illustrations any picture of a rose bush. But he does tell us how to prune Hybrid Teas to produce many flowers from a more or less shapely shrub and his list of them includes a fair pro-

portion that were introduced before the last war.

What makes this book indispensable is the thorough way in which the other groups of roses are treated. One expects the Floribundas, roses of so much promise, to have their fair share of a modern rose book. It is much rarer for comprehensive sections to be devoted to the climbing and rambling roses, and even more so to the shrub roses. In these days when gardening labour is scarce and expensive it is only natural that we should come to rely more on roses which make fewer demands on cultivation and spraying and which are even able to tolerate the hurly-burly of the wild garden. Anyone who went to the rose show this year cannot fail to have noticed the changing emphasis and the increasing interest in roses as shrubs. It is becoming easier to obtain William Lobb which was introduced in 1855 than Douglas McArthur, 1943. The great bushes of old roses which were, until recently, unobtainable still delight us in the cottage garden and over the rectory wall, and make clear once more the fact that roses have not always been short lived and exacting.

One idiosyncrasy has crept into this otherwise clear and well-planned guide. Climbing roses are divided into large-flowered climbers and small-flowered climbers and ramblers; and we are faced with the absurdity of that charming moscata hybrid, the Garland, being classed as large flowered although the flowers are seldom larger than an inch and a half, and Easlea's Golden Rambler as small flowered although the flowers are five inches across. Surely the significant distinction is between the climbing sports of bush roses and hybrids of the climbing wild roses, Rosa Wichuriana, Moscata, Multiflora, and the others. But while trade catalogues are arranged in this confusing way, we cannot blame the author nor the public for being sometimes surprised with the results of their planting.

This then is an invaluable guide and book of reference for all lovers of the rose. Whether you grow hybrid teas in bare earth for exhibition, or old roses for scent and a carefree life, whether you mass floribundas for colour, or delight in filling old apple trees with rampaging climbers, this will be a bedside book which is unlikely to be superseded for years to come.

Welcome to Tombstone

By Jan Olof Olsson. Elek. 15s.

Jan Olof Olsson is a Swede who drifted across America until his raft stuck at the town of Tombstone, Arizona. The name appealed to him; so did the situation and the people. And, most of all, he was held by the rumbustious past of the place. This first came to his notice in the cemetery, where laconic inscriptions hinted at days of glory: 'George Johnson—Hanged by Mistake', and 'M. E. Kellogg—1882. Died Natural Death'. Many others recorded murder, lynching, and legal execution.

Mr. Olsson spent hours turning over the files of *The Epitaph*, Tombstone's newspaper, and an even longer time gaining the confidence of Hassayamper, a very old and wealthy man who could describe from his own experience the days of gunplay, gambling saloons, and unfortunate mistakes.

This book, translated from the Swedish by Maurice Michael, is an unusual entertainment which combines pictures from a curious past with impressions of an extraordinary present. It is very well written, and for this credit must go to the translator, though it is clear from the general organisation of the book that he is communicating the work of an accomplished literary artist. Mr. Olsson concentrates on a small circle of townspeople, part to illuminate the whole, and his study of human behaviour is so subtle and detailed and realistic that his characters might be out of a novel.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Bias Corrected

WHEN, A FEW WEEKS back, a tendentious American film survey of India was shown on our screens, B.B.C. television brought forward Woodrow Wyatt, immediately afterwards, to challenge its more preposterous attitudes and assertions; those, that is to say, which misrepresented the British role in that country. We have never been good at answering back and there are those who would prefer us to continue in that default. Last week, another American film, 'Re-

port from Africa', called for similar corrective treatment and the B.B.C. supplied it. Colin Wills was not so forthright as Woodrow Wyatt. His technique was to ask questions rather than score points. I think it succeeded. The American reporter, Alex Kendrick, admitted a certain bias in the film, excusing it partly on the ground of expediency in a domestic election year. Our satisfaction would have gone deeper if we knew that American television audiences, too, could hear our side of the argument, although the moderation of both Ed Murrow and Kendrick, who shared the commentary, was manifest. We were left with the not wholly unconsoling thought that when we do a television programme on America, or make a film about it, we fall backwards in our efforts to be fair. In the realm of mass communications we have probably used less misrepresentation than any other nation. It is no unworthy boast in a propaganda-ridden world. Meantime, it is good for polemics, if not for politics, that B.B.C. television should assert itself in the interests of objective truth, in so far as it is possible to reach that state.



As seen by the viewer: 'Report from Africa II'—a boat on the Nile and (right) the Colossi of Thebes
John Cura

'Report from Africa' was made before the Suez climax and a large chunk of it was already behind the times. It was the second part of a two-piece study in newsreel terms of current African problems, and its skimming superficiality was also its saving grace, for it might easily have been turgid with historical inferences and weighed down by partisan evidence. Tracking along the North African rim, the cameras gave us a sweeping view of local communities and caught sometimes more than a hint of the passions agitating them. Funerals of murdered Algerian settlers illustrated the bitterness heard in the rippling hectic accents of the rebels' spokesman interviewed in New York. The Mayor of Algiers used the language of moderate realism. The general officer commanding the French

forces was not too provokingly professional, though he has the stern duty of defending more than local interests. If Algeria goes, we were told, unemployment in France will rise disastrously. The Prime Minister of Libya faced questions about reported Russian aid. We saw Colonel Nasser and, although we know that the television cameras can lie and, too, that there are risks in amateur physiognomy, we were not drawn to him as an obvious paragon of the given word. Like Makarios, he smiles with his teeth.

Programmes such as 'Report from Africa' provide the justification of television as a medium of more serious forms of communication than the comic strip, with which it often

seems to have a discouraging affinity. They give depth to our newspaper reading, filling in particulars of personality and place which the printed word and the half-tone block cannot supply. Already, there are signs of its supplementary role being reversed and of the newspapers annotating television. One could forecast that as an inevitability of the future when television is able to discard the films which are indispensable to its present momentum. Obstinately suspicious though I am of some of the claims of the 'audience research' practitioners, my self-esteem was suffused with a rosy glow last week when I read that Channel 9 has found that not so many viewers as was supposed are keen on sport. That had been a private belief of mine for some time, despite the dashing energies of Peter Dimmock and his 'Sportsview' team. 'Sportsview' is so good an example of production competence, and it demonstrates so effectively the far-ranging primacy of television in scanning the immediately topical scene, that one would not wish to sound the note of discouragement. Few programmes arrive on our screens with a more impetuous rush of self-assurance, as if it has the suffrage of the universe. Last week's edition

was packed with the decent excitements of amateur athletics at the floodlit White City Stadium. All too few television programmes put us in touch with that harmony of aptitude and precision which gives us the thing called style. The social difficulty about 'Sportsview' is that it is not a women's programme. Generally, women do not care about sports programmes. Challengers of that opinion are herewith referred to the editors of the mass-circulation journals. Not only do they reject sport as a subject for articles. They don't like their short-story heroes to be cricketers. The exception to the depressed figures for sports viewing is supplied by all-in wrestling and there is no discrepancy of judgement in assuming that as a more sadistic version of rock 'n' roll it is capable of absorbing an immeasurable intensity of feminine attention.

'The Brains Trust' has a new chairman, Norman Fisher, who, after Malcolm Muggeridge, seemed almost too self-effacing but who showed a summarising gift that brings tidiness to a programme which has many loose ends. It is a considerable compliment to John Furness, the producer, that 'The Brains Trust' is to be heard again on sound radio. Listeners will be joined to us viewers on Sunday afternoons. One wonders what would have happened to those often invoked old 'Brains Trust' reputations had the programme been seen on television first.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

I Shot an Arrow...

'WHO WAS M. AROUET and as what was he better known?' The old question on Friday came, as novelists used to say, unbidden to my mind, and like the light of other years around did shine. One might, gorged with Christmas things, have been doing the General Knowledge Questions which the senior newspapers published over that festival. Or sitting on the hob of the grate in some pipe-and-tweed-smelling tutor's room. My eye had, of course, strayed to the words in the cast list of 'Nom-de-plume' called this week 'The Free Air'. There one saw M. Arouet... Duncan Lewis. Almost at once we



Scene from 'Quinney's' on September 16, with (left to right) Meg Jenkins as Mrs. Quinney, Wilfred Pickles as Joseph Quinney, Alan Edward as James Miggott, and Silvia Herklots as Posy

aw a prone figure, in night cap, with a crucifix on his breast. A voice cried 'the King is dead' (but which King?). Cut (in the jargon) to hoof beats and two small-part players frenziedly shaking themselves about a property coach. One man is old, the other acts callow. 'Methinks the royal revels were shrunk to the size of a walnut', quotha. And then the coach rolled on to Ferney (mentioned) and to another prone, also night-capped figure but this time alive and petulant. As Madam Butterfly so archly asks 'Can you guess who it is? Can you guess what he'll say?'

For those who could, I reckon the interest began to decline a trifle from here onwards. Others were perhaps gripped. At the end of thirty minutes we heard a lovely voice in an echo chamber declaiming part of 'Zaire' and the camera panned away from M. Arouet's theatre box to reveal, exactly like the lifebelt named 'Titanic' in Noël Coward's 'Cavalcade', the wreath inscribed to M. Voltaire. Or rather, as someone watching with me insisted, 'M. Voltaire', recalling Harold Nicolson's Miss Jimmoll and how she spent a whole morning describing in white ink the word DAIRY on a flour diary. 'Voltaire', I corrected sternly, referring the old man. 'And who was he?' I was asked. I dashed out into the rainswept streets, humming 'I shot an Arouet into the air, it fell to earth I know not where'; the point being that you didn't know who Voltaire was anyway, the fun of seeing him disguised as M. Arouet was dead loss. *Nom de chien* seems the appropriate comment.

But I hurried back and was consoled by 'Hancock's Half-Hour': five minutes of Hancock as sinister coffee-stall man was worth the whole of the rest of the evening; in which I emphatically include a dismal quarter of an hour called, topically, 'Rock and Roll 1856'. This was about as up to date as a bishop writing to explore the outbreak of dancing in the streets which would undo the good work of confirmation, etc. Why dancing in the street (so 'delightful' when done by Parisians) becomes such a bigbear when performed by persons of social standing lower than undergraduates on Boat Race night is a mystery, but if what sets your foot wagging with an irresistible urge, etc., is the 'swinging' of fragment old ballads by an eye-rilling young woman and four middle-aged-looking men dressed in the clothes of Murger's 'La Bohème', then the mystery indeed ticks.

Employing which culinary metaphor reminds me that 'New Tricks for Old' is getting nicely involved. The manservant with the poodle who insists on his cut of the money before betraying his employer by putting a burnt-out fire in the burglar alarm is finely in the convention; a convention of come-in-England fiction which takes the *commedia dell'arte* look and by comparison. The title too pleasing.

One thing to be said for being wholeheartedly attached to B.B.C. television as opposed to that other channel is that unlike many other



'House of Birds', on September 16, with Sara Neil (kneeling) as Nina, Margaret Hill (in black costume) as the Bird Woman, and members of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet

citizens you are not racked by nightly choices. Fancy having to decide between, say 'Gun Law' and Nancy Spain inventing a Tall Story. No one, for instance, holds a gun at my head and forces me to choose between 'The Chalet' and 'Quinney's'. Faced with such a choice I might indeed have opted for Elizabeth Allan as a lady enjoying a sort of autumn crocus romance on a picturesque balcony with a young man almost young enough to be her son. A reason would have been, too, that whereas we often get the chance to see Miss Allan guessing people's line or sponsoring steam ironing, her real job is to act, which she can do very well. Less certain am I about Wilfred Pickles in this department, though he can make us all cry by interviewing some old folks, the Vachell part is no easy one. I seem to recall that Henry Ainley made a much bigger business of Mr. Quinney, but that may be

because I was very small myself when I saw him. This production went smoothly, in agreeable settings and comfortably cushioned by such good players as Megs Jenkins and Lloyd Pearson. The young pair whose interrupted tryst makes the best scene were nicely played by Silvia Herklots and Alan Edwards.

One wonders what the average viewer made of 'House of Birds': I mean an uninterested viewer who had not seen a live performance at Sadler's Wells and who perhaps did not greatly respond to televised ballet in the first place. It struck me as losing terribly by being deprived of the colour of the settings by Georgiadis, which looked merely skeletal. In black and white the whole thing began to slip into the condition of the *danse infernale* in some Parisian revue. The birdies with their big thighs and caged heads and the terribly eager mimings of the young man dancer, rolling lustrous eyes, kept marching to the brink of absurdity. The music by Mompou was pleasant. From the musical side, however, the picture of

the week was surely the last night at the Proms, with one overheated, lung-bursting promenader, with flash of spectacles and flushed cheeks, rapt into a private ecstasy by Parry's 'Jerusalem'.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Flood and Fire

'O belle et plus que belle!' cried Ronsard, one of the many poets who have been on the side of Mary of Scotland in that everlasting fight. For Swinburne she was 'Queen once of Scots and ever of ours'. For a much less impressionable poet she was 'a thousand witcheries . . . felled without ruth, at Fotheringay'. No romantic can write of her without a gleam in the eye, and a quickening of the hand. Schiller could

not help idealising her in 'Maria Stuart' (Third), though, as Professor Butler said in a prefatory talk, she is not idealised beyond recognition. It is enough that, in the full-dress encounter with Elizabeth at Fotheringay—Schiller's invention, and one he clearly relished—the English Queen comes off worse than her captive.

This is a passage that makes a play. The earlier part of the tragedy has been the gathering swell; the last act is sad 'retiring ebb': it is at the meeting of the Queens, Elizabeth the conqueror, Mary the would-be suppliant, that Schiller's work is in surge. The excitement cannot long endure. It is Mary's last hope: she realises that nothing can soften Elizabeth, contemptuous and triumphant ('It becomes you, Mary Stuart, to be thus on your knees'), and suddenly she turns upon her captor, sparing nothing in a rush of anger, cleansing but deadly. The scene is for Mary's partisans, certainly not for Elizabeth's. Barbara Jefford and Margaret Rawlings acted it on Sunday with a force that out-matched anything elsewhere. Miss Jefford, who carries herself so well



An extract from Henry Sherek's Edinburgh Festival production of 'Fanny's First Play' was presented on television on September 11. In this scene are (left to right) David Evans as Bobby, George Benson as Mr. Gilbey, Michael O'Halloran as Mr. Knox, Jacqueline Mackenzie as Margaret Knox, Michael Denison as Lieut. Duvallet, Jean Taylor-Smith as Mrs. Knox, Robin Bailey (in doorway) as Juggins, Lally Bowers as Mrs. Gilbey, and Brenda Bruce (sitting on floor) as Dora Delaney



the things they say!

I don't like "Big Business".

Why? Just because it's big — and successful?

No, because of the amount of economic power it wields. Take I.C.I., I feel there should be some control over their production, and over the way they spend their profits — and over their prices, too.

What would be gained by that?

Well, we could then be sure that I.C.I. was working for the common good.

But I.C.I.'s prices are already remarkably low, all things considered.

Most goods today cost more than three times as much as they did pre-war but,

on average, I.C.I.'s prices have only about doubled during that period.

Let's forget I.C.I.'s prices. We could step up their production.

In the last nine years, I.C.I.'s manufacturing capacity has been doubled.

All right, but what about the public getting a share of their profits?

That part of I.C.I.'s profits which it distributes as dividends is shared among 250,000 stockholders and over 80,000 I.C.I. employees — quite a fair number of British people. A great deal is ploughed back — into more production — which means more exports, more jobs, more wealth for the country.



the Old Vic's current Imogen, knows too how to 'carry' verse: her delivery is phrased and poised: the head is high. This Mary was a performance in which we could see the 'sun kindling heaven and hell'.

The translation, by Schiller's English contemporary, Joseph Mellish, is potent and speakable, though it can drop every now and then to routine verse with the accustomed echoes (such, in effect, as 'The heavens lour black and heavy', 'Away from this abode of misery and death', and 'This thing can never come to good'). But, as a rule, it is suitably eloquent, and the cast—directed by Julius Gellner, who had compressed the version into two hours—had a satisfying plasticity.

The characters were not, as one had feared, rigid ventriloquial puppets, remote-controlled. Such actors as Gladys Young, Marius Goring, and Laurence Payne must always bring immediacy and truth, and Miss Rawlings was plausibly an Elizabeth who could forbid her courtiers to speak of 'woman's weakness'. It seems to me that Schiller was writing, unknowingly, an admirable radio-play. On the stage, in translation, these personages might stiffen; but as voices they held our belief and touched us to excitement.

'Your Brother Still' (Home) did neither, though I kept on hoping that it would turn out better than it did. A saboteur is at work in a Royal Dockyard. The problem here is all too simple, though the author—Stephen Grenfell—has adapted the play from Ronald Marsh's book—has tried hopefully to complicate it. Given the title of the play, and the odd behaviour of the ex-naval officer who is a temporary clerk in the dockyard where his brother works, the answer is inescapable. And there is not much development of character to cheer us, though in performance one incidental functionary had a glint: he could have done with more of Malcolm Hayes as probably the glummiest expert on arson in the business, a man with a voice like pastry that had failed to rise. (We did not hear it often.) Various dockyard alarms—explosions, fires, even a ship-launch—were curiously muted, and was hard to sort out in the mind those last mixed goings-on in and round the electrical laboratory. We had one agreeable moment at a cocktail party, with the good brother over-anxious.

Every now and again the play seemed ready to do more than smoulder, but its flames, confined to the dockyard paint-store, did not reach the dialogue. Not surprisingly, perhaps, when we remember such fire-proofed material as this: 'We shall jolly well have to watch our Ps and Qs... we may never know who's the nigger in the woodpile', and 'I think it's time that the bad penny did a spot of the proverbial turning-up'. Geoffrey Matthews and Hugh David worked valuably.

There was far more genuine fire in the lonely plateau of 'The Enemy' (Third), Robert Ceaigh's fine translation of Julien Green: not a easy play, but one remorseless in its examination of mind and character and acted as strongly. The tail of an article is no place for it. Maxine Audley rose to the last frightening despair, the ringing upon the door, something of an imaginative conquest for the actress.

Elsewhere, and differently, Gale Pedrick's 'These Radio Times' (Light) has moved again from its reminiscent course; an anthology collected with a most contagious pleasure in contrast. One of Sunday's speakers reminded us of those 'Itma' puns that, during the war, revived memories of Planché and Byron (H. J.). 'What's occurred?'—'It's a thing Miss Muffet had'—'I knew she had a whey with her'. Shades of that Channel crossing and its 'sick transit'!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Critics and Criticism

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN obvious even if *Radio Times* hadn't mentioned the Edinburgh International Festival that 'The Critics' had been out on some sort of a spree; quite evidently something had gone to their head;—the crisp northern air perhaps or what may be described as the genial spirit of the place. Whatever the cause, John Summerson and his team gave us a bracing three-quarters of an hour further enlivened by some sharply expressed differences of opinion. As they were reporting on the Festival there was no place for the customary 'book' and 'radio' discussions and so those heads were omitted, nor, though music abounds at the Festival, did 'music' fill the gap. Curious when you come to think of it! And having come to think of it I awoke, somewhat late, to the realisation that 'The Critics', whose job it is to concern themselves with the arts, never discuss music. Why not? Doubtless because, if they did, the planners of these programmes would find their choice of 'personnel' considerably narrowed, for your highbrow, who would clearly disqualify himself for the title if he declared that he knew nothing of poetry or prose, and even feels bound to keep up a nodding acquaintance with painting, sculpture, and architecture, feels able to confess without a blush that he is not musical—has no feeling, in other words, for the quintessence of all the arts.

However, we heard a discussion of no less than four plays—Shaw's 'A Village Wooing' and 'Fanny's First Play', Shakespeare's 'Henry V' from Stratford-on-Avon, Ontario, and Pirandello's 'Questa Sera si Recita a Sogetto'. All the critics, in the wake of Ivor Brown, expressed themselves charmed by 'A Village Wooing' which Mr. Summerson, unimpressed by this unanimity, roundly asserted to be—what was it he said?—dithering or blithering nonsense? 'Fanny's First Play' was generally thought to have dated, and one critic pronounced it to be over-costumed, over-produced, and over-acted. There was a similar sharp exchange between Basil Taylor and Paul Dehn on the one side and Ivor Brown on the other over the portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn at the National Gallery (Edinburgh). Mr. Taylor said that Raeburn was vigorous, forthright, but not very good, that he overlaid all his sitters with the same temperament, while Mr. Dehn noted what he tactfully described as tinted noses. At this Mr. Brown scornfully compared the pale, shadowy characters seen in the English portraits of the period with this jovial and colourful company of Scots.

It occasionally happens to me that I read a book, or article, or listen to a broadcast that means nothing to me. The words are English but the sense escapes me. It is an uncomfortable experience and I explain it by telling myself that the writer or speaker and I run on different tramlines—an explanation less humiliating than that it is due to mere stupidity on my part. I seem to remember that a year or two ago I found myself at this disadvantage when listening to a series of critical talks by John Holloway. Yet when I switched on the first of two talks by him on 'The New "Establishment" in Criticism' last week I followed him without the slightest difficulty. This first talk was called 'The Words on the Page', and its object was to examine the method of criticism, now familiar, which consists in taking a poem to pieces and examining its language texture. From time to time, the Third Programme has enabled me to watch one of the literary surgeons who practise this method performing an exploratory operation on a poem more or less familiar to me. Sometimes I have found the process ex-

citing and the diagnosis convincing; new meaning has emerged and the whole effect of the poem is intensified. At other times the operator has seemed to me much too ingenious. When the conjuror of pre-myxomatosis days produced a rabbit from a hat we were amused but not at all deceived: likewise when the operator treats purely personal reactions to words as current coin whose value his audience and even the poet himself must recognise, I feel that the performance has become too frivolous for serious attention. Dr. Holloway pointed out instances of this over-analysis, in fact the method, he said, is turning into a new pedantry. He declared it part of the reader's task to realise what words do not mean: the method is applicable to short poems complex in texture, but not to long poems, nor is it right to assume that close texture is necessarily a virtue. It was an important and timely talk and, to me at least, reassuring.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Mighty Pens

BY A HAPPY coincidence it was possible to hear last Friday two masterpieces of the classical era—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in the Home Service and Haydn's 'The Creation' in the Third Programme. A generation or more ago Haydn's oratorio would probably have been thought an anticlimax to Beethoven's mightiest symphony. 'The Creation' used to be regarded as a somewhat comical work with its delightful animal imitations like those of some entertainer at a Christmas party, and easy enough for the local choral society to tackle with the help of three inexpensive professional soloists. Nowadays, just as we have got Wagner and Verdi into better perspective, we have come to perceive that Beethoven, giant though he was, did not completely dwarf the masters of the previous generation.

The touches of humour in 'The Creation' are but details on the surface of a sublime presentation of a mighty theme. And these details are naturally less prominent for an English audience when the work is sung, as it was last week, in the original German—not, I hasten to add, that the eighteenth-century German translation of Lidley's (or Linley's) text is any less quaint than the English version. But we were able better to perceive the full magnitude of Haydn's conception in this splendid performance by the choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Igor Markevitch. There were three first-rate soloists, of whom the soprano especially distinguished herself in the air we know as 'On mighty pens'. Haydn begins his oratorio with an orchestral representation of Chaos, or rather of order emerging from chaos. Beethoven ends his first movement with what always seems to me a representation of order slipping back into chaos, or at least in danger of slipping. When the lower strings begin to slide about chromatically under firmly diatonic theme on winds and drums one feels that the very foundations of the universe are collapsing. Chaos does not come again, because it is Beethoven's theme that the universal brotherhood of man will avert the disaster—an optimistic creed that seems, in the light of subsequent history, no less naive than Haydn's Fundamentalism. Yet every time the great tune of the finale steals upon the ear, hope is reborn and faith fortified—such is the power of great music to support what we like to regard as the noblest aspects of 'man's unconquerable mind'.

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could handle Wagner's enormous paragraphs, building them up spaciouly and at the same time with all consideration for the singers; how meticulously he prepared his performances of Mozart; how delightfully he plays Johann Strauss, and how persuasively Mahler. It is a satisfaction to be able to add a word to Julian Herbage's well-drawn portrait of an admired musician, who might stand as a symbol of the instability of human fortune in our times and who has proved himself unconquerable in the face of persecution and of the destruction of everything he held dear during tragic years, beside which even Beethoven's personal tragedy of deafness and the tremors of the Napoleonic invasion seem pale.

The pens held by Ferruccio Busoni and Leoš Janáček as composers, were not, if we may judge

from their works broadcast last week, as mighty as those wielded by Haydn and Beethoven. Intellectually Busoni was, indeed, mighty. He resembled our own Donald Tovey in possessing a mind stored with great music and gifted with the greatest degree of musicianship. He had, too, as 'Doktor Faustus' shows, a powerful artistic imagination. It was when he came to the creative act of clothing his conception of Faust in music that he, like Tovey, fell short of that achievement that earns universal applause. His music wins our respect but does not move our hearts.

With Janáček the case is different. His themes were homely rather than sublime, though 'Jenufa' comes nearer to true tragedy than the later 'Katya Kabanova'. And his musical idiom is intensely 'national', not to say provincial, raising a barrier between it and an audience that

does not understand the language from which it is so intimately derived. For this reason the texts of his vocal music, especially in his later works, are practically untranslatable into other languages. 'Jenufa' is less idiosyncratic, but still sounds best in the original which we heard last week in the excellent performance recorded in Prague. As a broadcast opera, it is liable to suffer from the confusion arising from too many tenors and sopranos, though this danger was obviated by the good characterisation of both Jenufa and the Koste'nika. The latter gave a superb dramatic performance of her anguished part. Altogether this was a useful introduction to the forthcoming production of the opera at Covent Garden, as well as a standard by which that may be measured.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Bloch's Classical Trend

By ERNEST CHAPMAN

Bloch's Symphony in E flat will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Wednesday, September 26 (Third)

WHEN earlier this year Ernest Bloch's new Symphony in E flat received its first performance at a Royal Philharmonic Society concert under Efrem Kurtz, the audience seemed unprepared for an essay so far removed in idiom from the composer's early works such as the 'cello rhapsody' 'Schelomo'. Instead of the expected passion and blazing colour they were confronted with emotional reserve and a subdued palette. Instead of orchestral virtuosity the scoring was frequently of chamber-music delicacy. The overall effect was cool, spare, and measured. The word 'classical' leapt to mind.

To anyone who had followed Bloch's progress step by step the new Symphony could not, however, have come as a surprise. For one thing, the range of Bloch's music is much wider than is generally recognised: he is far from being the composer of a handful of works of exclusively Jewish inspiration such as 'Schelomo', the 'Israel' Symphony or the 'Baal Shem' suite for violin. He has written a Shakespearean opera 'Macbeth', numerous impressionist nature studies, works coloured by local and historical characteristics, and still others inspired by his studies of Chinese and Indian cultures.

In a category apart from the works mentioned above are several other essays in which the classicism of the new E flat Symphony is clearly overshadowed. But before discussing them, the question may be asked: Why should Bloch concern himself with classicism at all? Surely he is the born romanticist and rhapsodist *par excellence*? The answer is Yes, and yet No, for never did a rhapsodist bring to his composing a profounder understanding of classical techniques or a more urgent desire to apply them in the struggle for perfection in his works. 'Schelomo' is a magnificent rhapsody, yet one very real reason for its being so is that its unusual structure is most rigidly controlled. Hardly a bar could be lifted from it without seriously damaging the form. In later works, notably the several string quartets, no less skill is shown in the handling of sonata, passacaglia and fugue—a skill gained by long study of the masters from Lassus and Palestrina to Beethoven. Thus it will be seen that the romantic element in Bloch has always been contained by the strong discipline of classical craftsmanship.

Another aspect of this question is that it is not unusual for composers advanced in age or in artistic development (or both) to tire of the agency and external trappings of the full-blooded kind of music written in youth and middle age. There arises the desire to economise

and to concentrate on the essentials of musical expression: 'music for music's sake', in fact, without precluding genuinely expressive content. This, I suspect, is happening increasingly to Bloch, who is still actively composing as he approaches his eighties.

The Symphony in E flat has had several stylistic forerunners, the earliest and best known being the Concerto Grosso No. 1 for piano and strings (1924). This work is a most successful amalgam of modern and classical elements, concluding with a superb fugue that draws on almost every weapon in the contrapuntal armoury. In 1944 there followed a 'Suite symphonique' in similar vein for full orchestra, sober yet fresh, consisting of an overture, passacaglia and finale. In 1952 a short, lightweight Concertino for flute, viola and strings was written in response to a commission from a teaching institution. This is of little moment though not without charm.

Lastly come two works—the Concerto Grosso No. 2 for strings and the 'Sinfonia Breve' for full orchestra—composed in 1952. The former lacks the originality of the first Concerto Grosso and is not far removed from a direct imitation of Handel. It is most skilfully and conscientiously composed, but one regrets the apparent squandering of great gifts and wonders what motive the composer could have had in writing it. The 'Sinfonia breve', on the other hand, is one of Bloch's finest works. It is certainly the most severe of his classical essays to date, and there is about it a late-Stravinskian aloofness and strength. In no other work has Bloch employed such daring and advanced harmony. If 'Schelomo' was fashioned out of fire, the 'Sinfonia breve' has been hewn out of marble.

The Symphony in E flat was composed in 1954-55. It is in four movements and is relatively short, lasting twenty-four minutes. In the first and last movements a full orchestra is employed with restraint. The two inner movements are scored for small orchestra, without trombones or tuba. As in several of Bloch's recent works, a twelve-note theme is used in one movement as part of the melodic material, and prominence is given to a particular interval which pervades the whole score: in the present work it is the semitone. Cyclic technique is freely employed.

The structure of the first movement is unusual, falling into five sections—the first, third, and fifth slow, the second and fourth fast. The first section, marked *tranquillo*, has the character of an introduction: poised and quietly reflective in tone, it foreshadows some of the

Symphony's principal material. At the very outset, over an E-flat pedal, there is a theme, rising quietly through the wind instruments, that will be encountered in various guises in every movement. It incorporates a near-BACH motive which, if transposed, would actually be B (flat), A, C sharp, C natural (two pairs of descending semitones). This slow introduction reappears in the third and final sections. The second section (*allegro deciso*) consists of the exposition and brief development of a group of themes arising out of the introductory theme with the near-BACH motive. The keen rhythms and bright, biting harmonies contrast strongly with the opening. The fourth section is a varied repetition of this. All the sections are short and the whole movement is over in eight minutes. Notwithstanding the movement's ambiguous ending, the key of E flat is clearly established.

The second movement, a scherzo (nominally in B minor and 3/8 time) follows without a pause. Brilliant, angular and quite impersonal, it is in the traditional ABA scherzo form. The second half of the first section includes a twelve-note theme. When the first section returns at the end the tune starts on the beat, instead of off it as at first, the changed metrical accentuation resulting in increased firmness of effect.

Warmth of feeling returns in the third movement, an exquisite *andante* in G sharp minor. Bloch has always been a master of the slow movement, whether of the profound or lyric type. Here there is cool, hushed beauty, with muted strings providing a background for the sustained melody of solo viola and woodwind instruments. The principal theme derives from a melancholy oboe solo in the introduction to the first movement. Other reminiscences are woven in, including a (possibly unconscious) quotation from the finale of the composer's Piano Quintet.

In the finale (*allegro deciso*) a new broad descending theme, suggesting C minor, is heard in unison at the outset on strings, horns, and bassoons. It is at once followed by several thematic quotations from the first and third movements which had been adumbrated in the introduction to the first movement. This varied material is then put through an extensive development, full of energy and incident. After an eventful climax the mood quietsens and finally leads to a calm, spacious restatement of the Symphony's introduction. The wheel has turned full circle. That grave and questing music had haunted us from the very beginning. The work now moves with dignity to its conclusion on a final luminous chord of the tonic E flat.

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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

GUARDING AGAINST LIGHTNING

HAVE RECEIVED a number of questions lately about what precautions to take in thunderstorms. One listener asks whether she should switch off the radio or television during a thunderstorm. I know that psychologically you feel much more in contact with the forces outside when you have the set switched on, especially with all the crackling that you hear, but the answer to this question is that it really does not make any difference at all whether the set is switched on or off; and the same applies to electric lights, fires, irons, and so on. The crackles in the loudspeaker may sound alarming but the manufacturers say they are not likely to damage it. If the set and particularly the aerial are properly installed and earthed there is no need to worry.

There has been some discussion, too, as to whether a house with a television aerial is more likely to be struck by lightning than one without, but the general conclusion is that there is no evidence of this. It is a point that, as far as I know, no insurance company increases its fire rates because a client has a television set.

What about using the telephone? Risks in using a telephone during a thunderstorm are negligible. The lightning protection provided is always proved adequate, and I do not know of a case where a subscriber has come to any harm.

In general terms, lightning tries to follow the easiest course from the cloud base to earth in the area where it is going to strike but there are so many factors that to a large extent its behaviour is unpredictable. Some people feel

safer in rubber-soled shoes or a mackintosh. In practice, I do not think they would make any difference at all.

As most people know, isolated trees are particularly liable to be struck, and as a tree is not a good enough conductor to provide an easy and smooth path for the lightning discharge to reach the earth there is a likelihood of your being involved if you take shelter underneath. Exposed, high ground is more dangerous than sheltered, low ground. The great thing to remember is that even in the open, and certainly in a house surrounded by other houses, you are probably in less danger from lightning than from traffic when you are crossing a road. In this country there usually are not more than a dozen deaths a year due to lightning, and most of those are outside the house, compared with the appalling figure of 5,000 to 6,000 killed on the roads.

The last question is: why are not all houses fitted with lightning conductors? I think the answer is that to be effective a lightning conductor is bound to be expensive. It is a reasonable precaution if your house is in an exposed position, but the risk to ordinary buildings without one is very slight. If that were not the case you can be pretty certain insurance companies would insist on lightning conductors.

* * *

A LISTENER ASKS how to solve the difficult problem of squeaking stairs. If you can reach underneath the stairs, it is possible to glue on additional angle blocks, or glue blocks as they

are called, between the tread and the riser with a modern, waterproof glue which will not crack. But in most cases the stairs are built in and you cannot reach the underside. Here is one idea you might try. Find the crack which is producing the squeak, then spread some french chalk over it fairly liberally. You can help this to fall into the crack by tapping the stairs gently with a mallet. This is not a guaranteed cure, but it is worth trying

BARRY BUCKNELL

Notes on Contributors

VICTOR PURCELL, C.M.G., D.Litt. (page 410): Lecturer in Far Eastern History, Cambridge University; author of *Malaya: Communist or Free?*, *The Chinese in Southeast Asia*, *The Spirit of Chinese Poetry*, etc.

MAX BELOFF (page 415): Nuffield Reader in Comparative Study of Institutions, Oxford University; Professorial Fellow of Nuffield College; author of *Foreign Policy and the Democratic Process*, *The Age of Absolutism, 1660-1815*, etc.

C. V. WEDGWOOD, C.B.E., LL.D. (page 416): historian; director of *Time and Tide*; president of the English Centre of the International P.E.N. Club; president of the English Association, 1955-56; author of *The King's Peace*, etc.

JOHN HOLLOWAY (page 429): poet and lecturer in English, Cambridge University, author of *The Victorian Sage*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,373. Alphabetical Inserts—V. By Sam

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 27. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The puzzle consists of twenty-six radial lights of six letters each; half of them run towards the centre and the other half run outwards from the centre. They are clued

by words (1 to 26) containing five letters each and the lights are obtained by inserting another letter, a different letter being inserted each time. The positions of the inserted letters are indicated by dots in the relevant spaces. In the completed puzzle two twenty-six letter quotations, one from Keats and the other from Franklin, run clockwise starting at 1. and 27. respectively. A number of circular lights are also clued, and in all cases the number of the clue in the puzzle is inserted in the space occupied by the initial letter of the light. Lights 12, 14, 20, 23, 25 and 26 are proper names. Punctuation in abbreviations and accents should be ignored.

CLUES—RADIAL

- You'll find Mr. Jones in part of Sligo
- Cross-channel screw an American mink
- Magistrate member of the Dilettante Society
- Tip in the hollows between hills
- A union that is about to set hard
- The Scots find it a drain to lose a pound out of part of our coinage
- Here's a subsistence allowance, thanks to a cricketer
- Iberian returns to the gutters
- American soldier gets a rather confused order to make a trolley
- The assembly puts zip into the artist
- Composed of overlapping leaves; look inside for Australian Geisnois saxifrage
- Pariah makes a purgative with rice; you have to take the first half of it
- An upright panning member made of twisted vegetable fibre
- Classical Greek district where Scots Johnnie got involved with the daughter of Inachus
- Battle dress on the battery
- A Jew and I return to the scene of Alexander's defeat of Darius Codomannus
- A captive with no male issue is quite a Nosey Parker
- These bones can be fashioned into a crescent-shaped object
- The route is altered slightly for a small wheel in Paria
- Goddesses, by Themis out of a hero
- Direct version of 23



- A girl before half-term is like an outgrowth
- Compound mixture of 21
- Miss Adler, perhaps, in the role of Marie Antoinette
- He wrote hymns for a New England festival
- Graduate in English at the University of Orono

CIRCULAR

- Fry around here and you'll find a convent (3)
- Large towns are awkward places in which to find a space, e.g., for parking (4)
- Poet whose muse on dromedary trots (5)
- Make a clear profit; sounds as if there might be a catch in it (4)
- An Italian makes a French novelist lose his head (3)
- The land of Colchis (3)
- Little Edo can make such an engraving (6)
- A soldier, the worse for drink, is still quite active (5)
- Make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the — (4)
- The tiler's capacity is about one and a half pints (5)

Solution of No. 1,371

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
S	10	9	7	5	Q	4	2	J	6	A	K	8
H	7	6	5	3	Q	10	9	2	K	8	4	A
D	6	5	Q	J	10	7	K	8	3	2	A	9
C	K	J	10	6	5	A	8	3	2	Q	9	7

NOTES

The missing words, with their numerical values, are:—hand (27). Deals (41), calls (47). Passes (79), has (28) called (37), bid (15). Calls (47), Trumps (107), all (25), pass (55). Leads (41), seen (43), dummy (76), safe (31). See (29), tricks (80), three (56), catch (35). Has (28), puts (76), easy (50), plays (73). Leads (41), wins (65), then (47), turn (73), jack (25), ten (39). Up (37), win (46), done (38), his (36), top (51). Has (28), badly (44). Could (55), been (26), carefully (103). First (72), led (21). Thereby (83), one (34), played (63).

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